

Bitter Sweet

\$1.50

SPECIAL WINTER
ISSUE

WINTER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY ONE

VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER TWO

C. A. Stephens
Storyteller
to America

Nancy Lee's
Auburn
Engine House

Leslie Bancroft
Olympic Skier

Cross Country
Ski Tips

Michael Hatch's
Porcelain Dolls

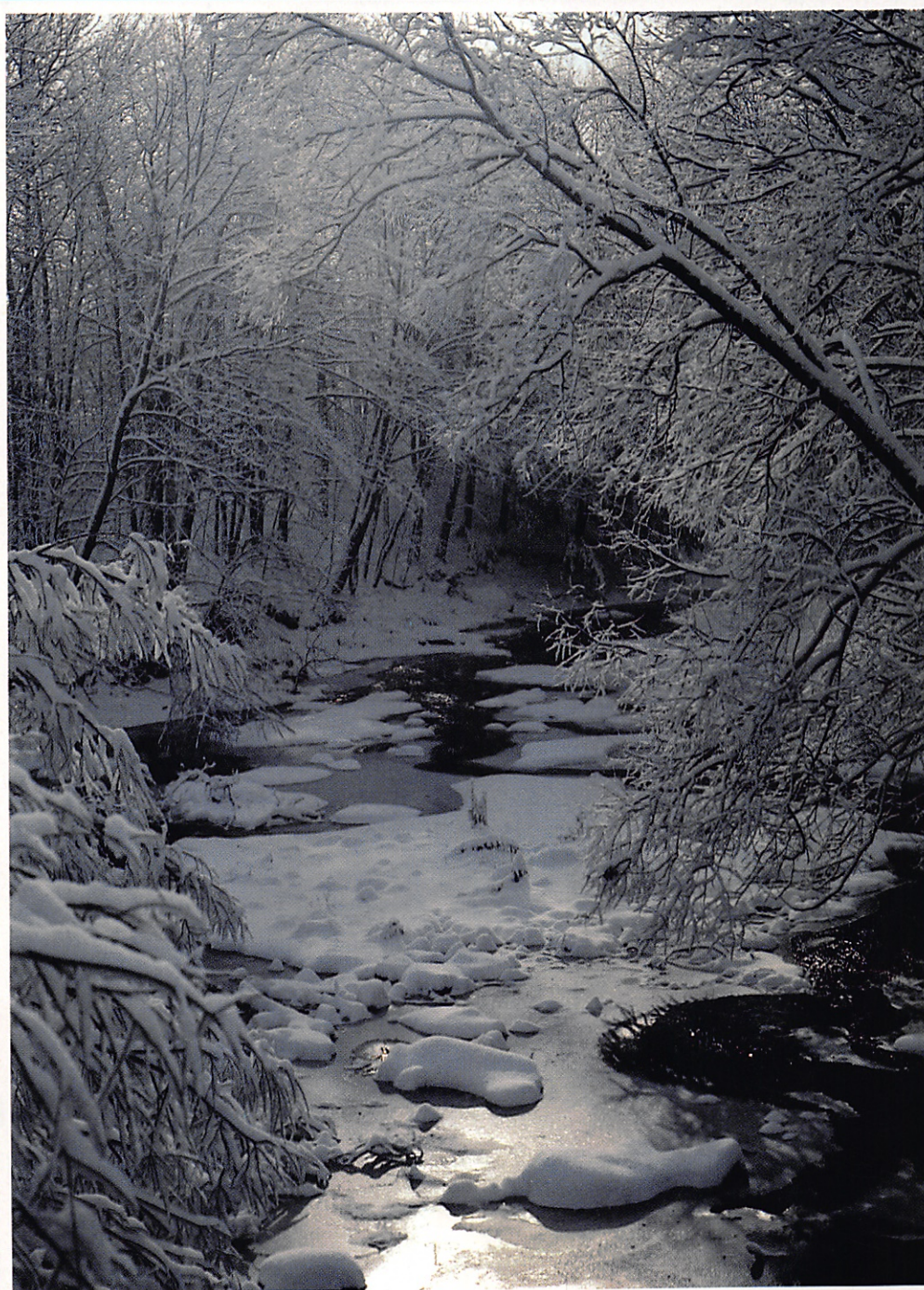
19th C. Maine
Women Painters

A Franco-
American
Réveillon

A Review of
Authors in Paris,
Norway &
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Memories . . .

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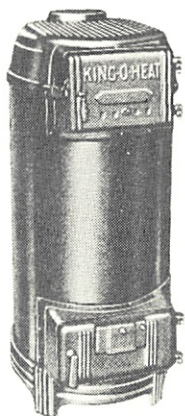
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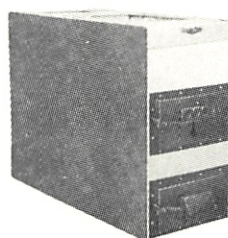
Don't let next winter catch you unprepared



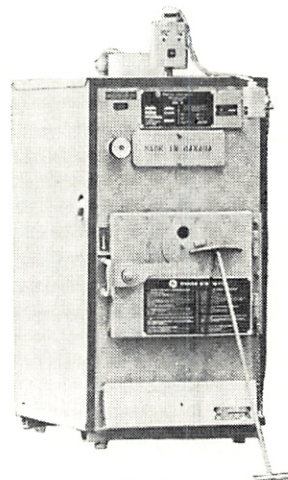
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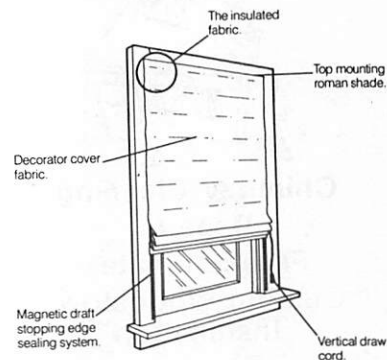
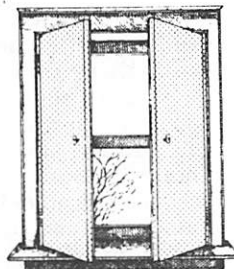
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Bitter Sweet Views

As we launch our special bigger issue for the winter months, we're pleased to announce the addition to our staff of Paul Brook as Advertising and Business Manager. Paul, a graduate of Roger Williams College with a B.S. in Marketing, will be working out of our South Paris office. He has extensive business experience and is excited about expanding the advertising in southwestern Maine.

We both see **BitterSweet's** future as rosy—in what our area has to offer editorially as well as what the magazine can offer to businesses in this state and neighboring areas. The magazine is a unique forum for reaching the people with material that no one else offers on a regular basis. Everywhere we go, we hear that you love it.

More people than ever before are reading, subscribing, and submitting material to **BitterSweet**. From

where we sit, 1982 looks even more exciting in terms of growth. But advertising is the key to our growth. It's also important to you as your business attempts to hoe the rocky economic field of the future. Paul will be available to explain how we can help you; to design an advertising program for next year that will have results. Call him at 743-9005 and he or one of our staff will call.

Along the same vein—Nancy Graiver is departing from ad sales to tend her growing family. She will continue to work for Western Maine Graphics. Nancy would like to thank all of her faithful customers for their business over the past year, and she hopes that Paul will soon be on friendly terms with them all.

As we prepare to spend a brief winter hiatus, we offer you an issue just jam-packed with good reading to hold you over until the first issue of 1982. You should look for that issue (March) sometime after the middle of February. If you're at a loss for a Christmas or birthday gift this winter—consider **BitterSweet**.

Nancy Marcotte

Bitter Sweet

Mailing Address: P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.

Phone No.: 207/743-9005.

Office Location: 15 Main Street, South Paris, ME 04281. You will not always be able to reach someone in the office. Please keep trying.

BitterSweet is published: 10 times annually (March - Nov. & a double issue for winter months). Subscription rate: \$9.50/yr. (\$10.50 foreign).

Deadlines: Editorial & Advertising 6 weeks prior to publication date (the first of each issue month). We cannot be held responsible for unsolicited material but will take care with it. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. by Western Maine Graphics, Inc. Type-face is Schoolbook.

Publishers: Peter C. Allen,
Bruce H. Day, David E. Gilpatrick
Editor: Nancy Marcotte
Advertising Manager: Paul Brook
Advertising Sales: Diane Barnes,
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Contributing Artist: Paula Hutchinson

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Sweatshirt material

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Cotton / Cotton blends

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Wool remnants—less than 1 yd.

use your imagination and save!

Velour

plush, rich velour tops, at a fraction of ready-made

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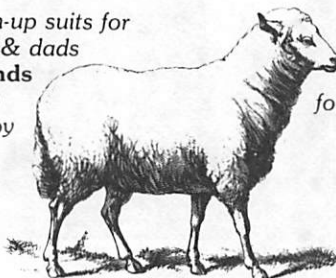
Nylon quilted

pillows, layette fashions, vests, etc.

Stretch Terry

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Androscoggin River - winter of 1981

Cross Roads

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According to consumer reports, these are the most efficient stoves—Test for yourself!

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letters
to the
editor

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A GOOD POEM

When I was in high school, my English teacher would say, "I want five hundred words on this subject." Being lazy, I soon discovered that if I put it into rhyme, I could get away with a lot fewer words. Then a new teacher, who was a poet in her own right, came on the scene. My work failed to impress her and she called me on the carpet.

She said: "A good poem should literally sing with pleasing rhyme and rhythm and it should have a message. It should paint a picture."

Cora Thurston's "Road To Yesteryear" (October, 1981) follows that pattern. It gave me a re-view of scenes and sounds I never expected to experience again, for I was a child in the twilight years of the era portrayed in her poem.

I can only say, "Cora, thank you, thank you."

Ray Cotton
Hiram

MORE TURKEYS

The research I did for that HALLOO article did not come up with what I was looking for until a patient library clerk came up with a few magazines and this is what was going to have been on the end of that article—too late for publication . . .

The Wildlife Division released 45 wild turkeys in 1977-78 in the southern part of York County to re-establish breeding turkey populations in our state. The flock is growing at a slow rate, but has generated a great deal of interest for future hunters.

Helen J. Mooney
Rumford

TO KEEP RETURNING

I read BitterSweet this fall on a trip back to Maine, and loved it. As a life-long resident of that state, we found many nostalgic articles.

Marguerite Crockett
Floral City, Florida



It was inevitable —

The price had to go up.
Production costs being what they are today,
it was inevitable that the cover cost
of the magazine would have to rise:

Beginning with the **March** issue, the per-issue cost
will be **\$1.00** (still \$1.50 for a double winter issue).

Beginning **January 1st**, a year's
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*Look at some of what you can find in back issues of **BitterSweet**:*

DECEMBER, 1978

Western Maine Forest Nursery
How To Plant Evergreens
Paris Mfg. Co. Sleds
New England's Last Indian Raid
Archaeology at Gould Academy
Waterford Cranberry Recipes
The Portland Museum of Art
George Arsenault, Stone Mason

JANUARY, 1979

Maine Is Forever
Christian Ridge Pottery
Goin' Smeltin'
Olive Perkins of Oxford

DECEMBER, 1979

Christmas In A Lumber Camp
1905 Pictures of Locke Mills
Courtroom Humor
Honey Recipes
The Houses of Paris Hill

JANUARY, 1980

Memories of the One-Room School
The Yankee Peddler
Winter Recreation Tour
Steamboat on the Saco
Finnish Coffee Break Recipes
Bridgton Passive Solar

DECEMBER, 1980

Margaret Flint of East Baldwin
Dog Sledding in Welchville
Toutiere Recipe
White Mountain Climbing
Nick Nickerson: Bethel's Chef
South Hiram's Ossified Man

JANUARY, 1981

Ski Jumping
Memories of a Woodsman
Rare Ice Photos
The Maine State Museum
Norwegian Sweets
The Sauna

*... and more! Anecdotes, jokes, brainteasers, fiction, photographs ...
There's a lot to be found in each back issue—it's not too late for most.*

Are you missing some from your collection? Write us today:
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back
issues
of*

BitterSweet

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fm 93



New "Engine House" Keeper

Nancy Lee

by Denis Ledoux

As a creative, ambitious potter, demanding of herself, Nancy Lee wanted to do more than pieces to be seen by her family and friends. She also wanted to do more than the mass-production items required by wholesale buyers.

To get this "more," Nancy realized she needed her own outlet, a shop where her pottery could be showcased—mugs and vases, plates and tureens, entire place settings, decorative objects. She wanted to have a greater scope for her creative work.

Today, Nancy Lee owns and manages the Engine House Mall, a mini-mall on Court Street at Spring in Auburn.

Only a few years ago, Uptown Auburn was run-down. Today its mood is decidedly different. An important catalyst in effecting this change has been the Engine House Mall under the direction of Nancy Lee.

Nancy's commitment to her work and to retailing it in her own specialty shop was long in developing. After graduation from Bates College (where she now teaches pottery), she married a local businessman, Shep

Lee, and then had four children. It wasn't until 1963 that she began to be involved in pottery in a professional way.

She had done amateur work, discovering that her growing interest in the craft was not matched by her technical ability. Looking about her, she decided there wasn't any school in Southern Maine which could teach her what she wanted to know; so, in 1963-64, she drove to UNH twice weekly to get that training.

Soon she began taking her work to summer galleries. Then she exhibited

at craft fairs. For seven years, she did ever-larger-scale wholesaling to buyers.

Wholesaling provided a regular but demanding outlet that was productive in terms of quantity but left her on a treadmill producing mass-sale pieces. There was little time to balance these items with personal creations. This was not why she had become involved in pottery!

In 1974, tired of wholesaling, Nancy opened a shop in Ogunquit. Because the space that had become available was larger than she could fill with her own pottery, she began stocking it with other crafts: weavings, wood toys, jewelry, clothing.

If she had found wholesaling a hassle, she also eventually found doing summer retailing had its own limitations. The tourist crowd bought only within a limited range. Nancy once again needed a shop that allowed a more expansive experience.

In 1976, the search for this shop began. She needed a local, year-round outlet. She looked in the area of Main and Court Streets in Auburn. At the time, everyone was holding out for the city to announce its redevelopment.



ment plans, each person hoping to make a bundle with his/her property. Nancy wanted to buy; owners wanted to hold out for a "killing."

When Nancy's search brought her to the old engine house in uptown Auburn, she immediately saw its possibilities.

"All I wanted was a space for Maple Hill Pottery," says Nancy, still seeming a bit amazed as we speak in a large den next to her kitchen. A wool rug lies on the floor between us as we sit in modern chairs. Outside the woods are creeping up to the swimming pool, now covered with a tarpaulin. "It was the Ogunquit thing all over again. If I was going to have the space I wanted, I'd have to grow into it."

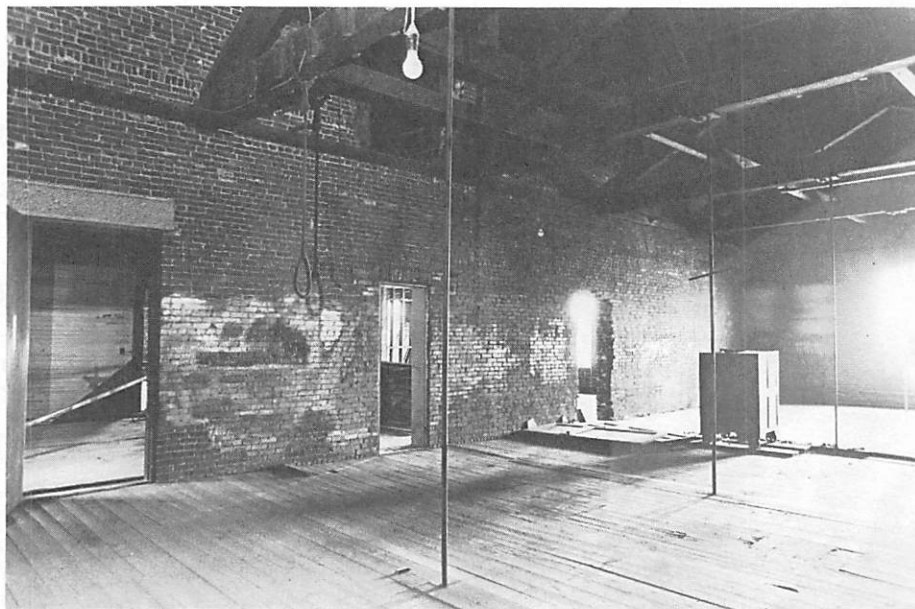
That was in 1977. Competition was strong for use of the old fire station. Plans that Nancy and her husband Shep submitted, plans which included financing substantial improvements, persuaded the Auburn City Council to sell the engine house to the Lees in 1978. They paid \$10,000.

Lewiston's Stephen Blatt was selected as architect to design a new interior and he fell to the task with gusto. Consultants whose experience included Boston's Quincy Market Project were called in. The Lees talked to a lot of people, trying to assess what they were really getting into.

"But, at the gut level, it felt right," said Nancy. "The building needed structural repairs. We bought the building before we knew how much! We had made an agreement with the city to invest at least \$100,000. We've put up much more than that." Nancy speaks wryly.

Nancy now had the building she needed for the store she wanted but not the other tenants necessary to keep the place going. This is where David Isaacson, a free-lance developer, came in. He spent a year scouting and courting prospects. Carbur's Restaurant, well-known in Portland's Exchange, was his first success. Next came Tontine Candies from Brunswick; What's Cooking, a kitchen supply and fine foods shop; Country Designs, a cloth shop; and Needleworks, a knitting and crocheting shop.

In September, 1979, the mall was ready to open. The spaces, except for one, had been leased. The Engine



Gutted interiors of the old Engine House during renovation

House Mall was on its way.

The Mall is across the street from the Auburn Public Library. "The area is not identified in the public's mind as a shopping area. The building itself was not always a shop. When people hear Lisbon Street, they think shopping, but not when they hear Uptown Auburn," Nancy points out. Behind her, three firemen's hats rest on the white wall next to a hanging rug.

In an effort to improve the image of the area, Nancy has been active in Uptown Auburn, Inc., a community-betterment committee led by

Attorney Richard Trafton. The group has brought private and government money to bear on upgrading the area aesthetically.

Sidewalks have been widened and laid with bricks; trees have been planted in large numbers; obtrusive telephone poles have been eliminated and lines buried. Since the opening of the mall, an abandoned building nearby has been converted into an apartment complex; the library itself has been expanded and renovated.

Nancy concedes that she has an uphill struggle to wage in Lewiston-Auburn. "In some ways, as I've



mentioned, the shop is not a natural for the area. Also, I've been going through a process of adjusting my tastes and buying to the demands of the community. I'm in an interesting position though, because of my Ogunquit Shop. What won't sell in Auburn, I can take to Ogunquit and sell there. It gives me more scope. In some small way, perhaps, it gives me the freedom to develop the taste of the community.

"It's a slow process of creating a market." According to Nancy, her quality greeting cards are attracting customers. "They're unique. They're special and they don't cost much. People make an impulse purchase and then come back for more deliberate shopping."

Nancy has tried a variety of efforts to attract business. A summer tourist information center has generously helped the mall through the summer doldrums. Wednesday afternoon concerts, which ran for about 18 months, provided a showcase for local talent and brought many to the mall for the first time. A farmer's market also offered a new angle for enticing the public, as did art exhibits.

Through trial and error, the Engine House grows, consolidates its growth, and then grows again. For the time being, the exhibits and concerts have been curtailed. The gallery space has become a retail area. Maple Hill Pottery has grown to fill all the space available to it.

Nancy Lee has come a long way since the days she decided to go from amateur to professional levels in her pottery. Today she is an established artist and businesswoman whose long and energetic efforts have implanted the Engine House Mall in the community.

The Mall now houses, in addition to Maple Hill Pottery Crafts Gallery; Kids' Stuff (a children's toy store); What's Cooking; Carbur's Restaurant. One retail outlet remains available.

Mall hours (exclusive of the restaurant) are from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Thursday and 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday. During the Christmas season the stores will be open Monday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

More information on the mall may be obtained by calling 783-9283.



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C. A. Stephens Storyteller To America

by Ronald G. Whitney

Who was C. A. Stephens? Few now living can tell you, which seems a trifle strange, for not too long ago he was one of America's most beloved and productive literary figures. Between 1870 and 1914 his name was known to millions. His lively, sparkling stories were avidly read in this country and wherever else in the world English was spoken. He enjoyed a national and international reputation of high rank as a storyteller. It is regrettable that so little is known about him today.

His full name was Charles Asbury Stephens and he was born October 21, 1844, the only child of Simon and Harriet (Upton) Stevens, on their farm in the Upton Ridge neighborhood of Norway, Maine. Since he was an only child, his parents tended to be a little over-anxious and often worried about what would become of him. "They were afraid that I wouldn't amount to anything,"¹ he once remarked with a wry chuckle. That was the main reason he changed the spelling of his surname from the ancestral "Stevens" to "Stephens" early in his career. If he failed to make it as a writer his family would be spared any embarrassment.

But they needn't have worried for he possessed a near-genius mind as well as a tremendous talent for storytelling. His knowledge was encyclopedic for he was well read in history, biography, philosophy, psychology, geology, mineralogy, zoology, the Bible, most of the eastern religions, as well as current events in the world around him.

He obtained most of his early education in District School no. 11, a modest one-room structure a short distance down the road from his father's farm. Later he attended the

Norway Liberal Institute, Kent's Hill Seminary, and Bowdoin College—entering the latter institution as a sophomore in 1866. Achieving such advanced standing was a brilliant intellectual feat. It meant passing stiff examinations in English, Greek,



Christine Newell Stevens, shortly before her marriage to C. A. Stephens. (Courtesy of the Norway Memorial Library.)

and Latin as well as demonstrating exceptional knowledge of the books studied by the freshmen. Few managed all this. That C. A. Stephens did so is early evidence of the very keen mind with which he was endowed.

But getting into Bowdoin was easier than staying there. His problem was financial. In those days there were two ways to go to college: either a student's family sent him or he sent himself. C. A. Stephens was sending himself. He found it a hard and grueling experience. Reflecting upon this in later years he noted that some eminent educators held "that more than compensating advantages came to the student who had his way to make, in habits of thrift and self-reliance thus fostered; but I have



C. A. Stephens—the official photograph used by "The Youth's Companion" during the years he was writing for it. (Courtesy Down East Magazine, Camden, Maine.)

never yet met a bona fide self-sender who would fully endorse this view, much less one who would voluntarily subject himself to such a discipline. But it is a fine topic for the self-made man and others to expatiate on to the young, thirty years later, when they have all become prosperous, and after a good dinner. It requires that amount of perspective to be really enjoyable."²

Graduating from Bowdoin in 1869 C. A. Stephens decided to try writing for a living. He had written and sold a number of stories during his Bowdoin days so he knew that he had some talent for it. Although his parents undoubtedly shook their heads at the

Janet Christine and Edna Harriet Stephens, daughters of C. A. and Christine. (Courtesy of Mrs. Floretta Delano, Norway.)



wisdom of this decision, they were nonetheless supportive. They sold a cow to give him some money to start. Arriving in Boston he rented a room and, using the public library as a study, he wrote and sold a number of stories to various magazines. Then came his first big break when, in January 1870, he sold some stories to *The Youth's Companion*, a large and prestigious family weekly published in Boston.

The Companion was, perhaps, the most influential magazine in America at that time. Despite its name the paper was far more than a journal for juveniles but appealed equally to all ages. Nearly half a million people subscribed to it but for every paid subscription there were at least a dozen readers. Passed from hand to hand it was literally read to pieces. Because it was read in nearly every American home it had a powerful moral, social, and literary influence beyond that of any other publication of the day. Practically every major and many minor writers were published in *The Companion*. Acceptance by the magazine was a sure sign that you had arrived or were certainly well on your way. So C. A. Stephens' success in selling his stories to the paper so early in his career is solid testimony to the power of his storytelling talent.

Shortly after the sale of those stories to *The Companion*, C. A. Stephens was invited to become a full-time staff writer for the paper. He and the editor, Daniel Sharp Ford, became close friends. It was Ford who encouraged him to travel as a source of inspiration for the stories which he now wrote exclusively for *The Companion*. It was an excellent arrangement and fitted admirably the temperament of C. A. Stephens. He loved traveling and could write as well on the road as at home. His powers of observation, feeling for detail, and nearly photographic memory enabled him to "tell" stories combining reality, adventure, education, and entertainment in a way unmatched by any other popular writer of that period.

For the next forty years he traveled and wrote story after story. His output was simply prodigious. Over 2500 stories, 31 full-length books, and a host of non-fiction articles and pamphlets flowed from his prolific pen. So rapid was his rise to

prominence that within a couple of years after joining *The Companion* staff he had become one of the most popular storytellers in America.

Twelve of his books were stories of outdoor life, history and adventure, all inspired by his world-wide travels for *The Companion*. They were **Camping Out** (1872); **Left On Labrador** (1872); **Off to the Geysers** (1872); **Lynx Hunting** (1873); **Fox Hunting** (1873); **On the Amazons** (1873); **The Young Moose Hunters** (1875); **The Knockabout Club in the Woods** (1881); **The Knockabout Club Along Shore** (1882); **The Knockabout Club in the Tropics** (1883); **The Ark of 1803** (1904); and **Katahdin Camps** (1928). All of these books were received with great acclaim. Each went through one or more editions and a few were translated into foreign languages. All sold well.

But travel wasn't the only source for his stories. From the beginning of his career with *The Companion*, C. A. Stephens wrote many stories based on the memories of his boyhood and youth in the rural countryside of Norway, Maine. They were well received by the readers and soon became a major feature of *The Companion*. Sometime around 1910 Daniel Sharp Ford suggested to Stephens that he take a new tack with these stories based on incidents from his Maine memories by creating a definite setting, circumstances, and starting time on one farm peopled by a single group of characters. Thus

there came into being the famous "stories of the old home farm" (later published in book form) and its beloved family—the "Old Squire" and "Grandmother Ruth," and the six cousins: "Addison," "Halstead," "Kit," "Theodora," "Ellen," and "Little Wealthy." It was one of American literature's happiest combination of fact and fiction.

The setting for "the old home farm," created out of the memories and imagination of C. A. Stephens, was the Upton Ridge neighborhood of North Norway where he had grown up. Living on the "old home farm" the "Old Squire" and "Grandmother Ruth" who, he said, had lost their five sons in the Civil War and found themselves faced with the necessity of providing a home for six orphaned grandchildren. That was a brilliant inspiration for the Civil War was still a vivid memory in the minds of most Americans of that day. Picturing the six cousins as war orphans was, of course, pure literary license, but a quite plausible way of bringing them all together as a single family on the "old home farm."

Exactly where on Upton Ridge was the "old home farm" used as the locale for the stories? It was the farm directly above that of his parents, on the same side of the road. During Stephens' boyhood it was owned by Noah Otis Stevens, who was his great-uncle. Noah's daughter Christine became Charles A. Stephens' first wife. The original farm buildings burned to the ground in 1885. A small private home stands on the site today

Boyhood home of C. A. Stephens on Upton Ridge, North Norway, as it appeared in 1920. His parents moved there in 1852 when he was eight years old. (Courtesy Louis N. Braun, Norway, Maine.)



but traces of the massive granite foundations of the original house and barns which inspired the stories can still be seen.

On the opposite side of the road, midway between the "old home farm" and that of C. A. Stephens' father, was the farmstead of Micah and Mary (Cordwell) Upton, the maternal grandparents who were the real-life models for "The Old Squire" and "Grandmother Ruth." When he put them into the stories he fuzzed up their portraits by calling the Old Squire "Joseph" and his wife "Ruth"—also the names of his paternal grandparents. Thus C. A. Stephens took the names of one set of grandparents and combined them with the personalities of the other grandparents to create the beloved characters whom we know as the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth.

The six cousins were also real people. All of them had grown up with C. A. in the Upton Ridge neighborhood. The first cousin, sometimes called "Kit" or simply "I" is C. A. Stephens himself. He "tells" the stories to the reader. Reading the stories evokes the uncanny feeling that you are there as a participant in whatever tale of the "old home farm" is being told.

"Theodora" or "Doad" as she was sometimes called in the stories, was the daughter of John G. and Mary Jane (Stevens) Robinson. Mary was the great-granddaughter of Joseph Stevens, the pioneer settler of Norway. She and her husband lived over the town line from Upton Ridge in Greenwood.

"Ellen" was another Stevens cousin. She married and went west and eventually migrated to a wheat farm in the Peace River country of Alberta, Canada. In the early 1900's, C. A. Stephens visited her there and wrote a number of adventure stories using the Peace River country as a locale.

The identity of the fourth cousin, "Little Wealthy" is unknown. There is little information in the stories to give us a clue. Whoever she was she died young and does not appear in many of them.

"Halstead," a shadowy, enigmatic figure, may have been drawn from the character of George Henry Upton, an older cousin of C. A. Stephens. George's father was named Ebenezer Covell Upton and he had spent some

time at sea. In the stories, Halstead's father is referred to as "Covell" and was said to have been a sea captain. To further fictionalize Halstead, C. A. Stephens gave him an imaginary Latin mother, "Yasbel Maria Pila de Caranza" of Matonzos, Cuba, whom "Covell" married on one of his voyages.

The sixth cousin was "Addison." This character was based on Addison Emery Verrill, and was born on a farm on Patch Mountain in Greenwood. He and C. A. were cousins and close friends. Addison's Uncle Benjamin lost two sons in the Civil War and they left five fatherless children. Perhaps that was the real life inspiration for C. A. Stephens' war orphans living together on a farm with their grandparents. Addison went to Harvard and studied under the famous Professor Louis Agassiz. Shortly after graduating from Harvard, Addison was appointed professor of zoology at Yale University, the youngest man ever to have been given a full professorship. For over forty years he pursued a brilliant academic career of teaching, research, and writing. He is one of the most fully developed characters in the stories.

Thus, out of real life people, memories, and imagination, C. A. Stephens created that heterogeneous, human, sometimes hilarious, and usually harmonious family circle which becomes so real in the hearts and minds of millions of Americans who read *The Youth's Companion*.

Between 1912 and 1926, six books of old farm stories were published. They were: **When Life Was Young at the Old Farm in Maine** (1912); **A Great Year of Our Lives at the Old Squire's** (1912); **A Busy Year at the Old Squire's** (1922); **Molly's Baby—A Little Heroine of the Sea** (1924); **Haps and Mishaps at the Old Farm** (1925); and **Stories of My Home Folks** (1926).

C. A. Stephens' books about the old home farm in Maine are probably his most enduring literary work for they are still avidly sought and read. Their charm is eternal. For thousands still, the old farm is truly home. The Old Squire, Grandmother Ruth, and the six cousins belong to us all. Their jealousies are small, their idiosyncrasies few, and their affections great. The unfailing crop which they raise on their rocky, sidehill fields, is

good will spiced with Yankee wit, native wisdom, and full-flowered optimism. Theirs is a kind of simplicity and virtue that often in our history has nurtured greatness.

The old farm stories are priceless documents in the history of rural New England in the mid-nineteenth century. They give us some of our clearest pictures of what life was like on the land before America became predominantly urban. They are also unashamedly nostalgic. But what on earth is wrong with that? Our hardened urban society is emotionally impoverished because it lacks some of the humanizing sentiment which a little dose of healthy nostalgia produces. C. A. Stephens brings us to our senses and helps us to understand that nostalgia is not an irrelevant sentiment but a way of helping us to become more human.

One of the regular features of *The Companion* was a weekly medical column. At first it was written by various Boston physicians, but the results were not satisfactory to Mr. Ford. Then he decided to give C. A. Stephens some medical training and let him write the column. So, in the fall of 1884 (with *The Companion* paying all expenses), C. A. Stephens matriculated as a full-time student at the Boston University School of Medicine. In 1887 he graduated near



POWDER SNOW

I have seen the magic mountain
I have felt the falling snow
All my thoughts are caught as one
As they touch the corners of my soul.

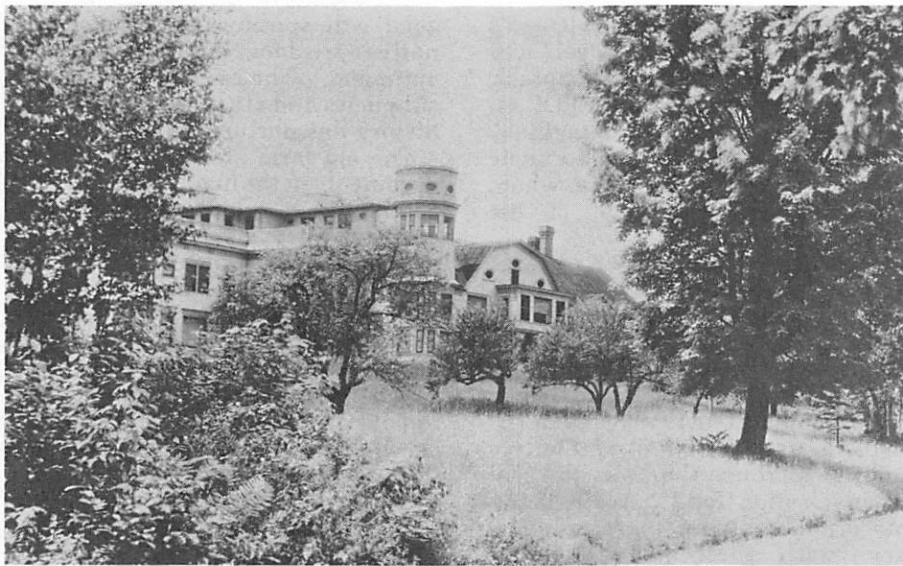
I have raled against the wind
And flown away on wings of steel
I have known my heart to break
With all that I can feel.

O Powder Snow, you make it so
That I may fly with no wings
The day is silent and I am free
I hear one sound as my heart sings.

My pulse is wild when storm is done
The fleece is deep and piled up high
My mind is racing and I can't wait
Not a mark on hill or sky.

Gary "Butch" Fuller
Locke Mills

The words of this poem in praise of winter are actually lyrics to a song also written by Gary Fuller.



The Laboratory—or, as C. A. Stephens humorously called it, his "old shack by the lakeside" at Norway Lake Village. (Courtesy Mrs. Genivere Bragdon, South Paris.)

the top of his class and received the coveted M. D. degree. Now it was Doctor Stephens and by that title he was known for the rest of his life.

Following graduation from medical school, C. A. Stephens began to construct, at Norway Lake village, that fabulous rambling mansion which he called "The Laboratory." When it was finally completed it had some forty rooms, a large tower and cupola, an indoor swimming pool, twelve tiled fireplaces, three furnaces, and a cookstove. It became one of Norway's best known landmarks. For over sixty years "The Laboratory" stood, beautifully landscaped, in all its sprawling grandeur overlooking the lovely waters of Lake Pennesseewassee.

The purpose of this vast structure was to provide a home for his family, a place to write his stories for *The Companion*, and a scientific laboratory for sustained research into the causes of human mortality. It was his passionately-held belief that human life could be prolonged indefinitely, that the secret of immortal life on the earth was scientifically discoverable. All that was needed was a world-wide, cooperative, scientific effort and the answer might be found. He confidently believed that is this were done "ten years might see (deathless life) as an accomplished fact."³

From 1888 to 1920 C. A. Stephens systematically researched the causes

of human mortality and their cure. During that period he wrote, in addition to stories for *The Companion*, eleven books reporting on the progress of his research and as a way of entering into dialogue with other scientists. As a result of his research and writing he can be fairly called one of the founders of the science of gerontology as well as a pioneer in establishing the concept of a team of researchers working together in a laboratory on a single problem.

Although he never discovered the cure for human mortality, he made some interesting predictions based on his research. He was one of the first Americans to foresee the splitting of the atom and the harnessing of nuclear energy. "Within the next half century," he predicted in 1907, "methods will be devised for utilizing the intro-atomic energy of matter. Erelong a ton of coal, or oil, or gasoline, will be made to do the work of a million tons as at present burned. Unlimited power lies here under our hands."⁴ This was nearly ten years before Albert Einstein announced his general theory of relativity which laid the theoretical basis for the splitting of the atom. He was also one of the first to anticipate the invention of television. In 1910 he predicted: "Not only will messages and general news be transmitted electrically, but be accompanied by photographic and phonographic representations of

passing events."⁵

C. A. Stephens was married twice. His first wife was Christine Newell Stevens, the second cousin whom he married on May 14, 1871. Christine was one of eight daughters of Noah Otis and Chloe (Young) Stevens, all of whom were "noted for their beauty and excellent qualities."⁶ She was educated at district school, completed one year's classical course at Gould Academy in Bethel, and then taught school until her marriage. A writer of taste and ability herself, she had thirty stories published in *The Youth's Companion*. She was also a good speaker, well read, and had a wide intellectual curiosity coupled with an active interest in the educational and social affairs of the community. For many years she was an officer and member of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs. Although a strong advocate of women's suffrage, she was not an uncritical partisan. It was her deep conviction that an educational and character test should be imposed on both men and women as a precondition of the right to vote. There was nothing worse, she felt, than an ignorant, immoral voter. Unlike C. A. Stephens, who had little or no religious interests, she was an active member of the Norway Universalist Church. Ill health plagued her later years and she died suddenly on May 23, 1911, a few months short of her sixty-fifth birthday.

C. A. Stephens and Christine had two daughters. The first was Edna Harriet, born on December 16, 1874 and the second was Janet Christine, born on September 2, 1877. Both girls were extremely bright and graduated with honors from Colby College in Waterville in 1898. Edna became a doctor like her father and had a large practice in the Boston area. Janet did graduate work at Boston University earning a master's degree in English and became a school teacher. Edna married Arthur Hastings Delano, a Norway boy and a teacher at the Boston Latin School. They had one son, Charles Stephens ("Steve") Delano, who is still living. Janet married Carl Wellington Boynton, likewise a Norway boy and a successful businessman in Portland. They had one son, Robert, now deceased. He did, however, marry and have two children, a boy and a girl.

These two great-grandchildren of C. A. Stephens live in California. They, along with their uncle Steve Delano, are the only living direct descendants of C. A. Stephens.

A year and a half after Christine's death, C. A. Stephens married Mlle. Minne Scarlar, an internationally famous diva of grand opera. Scarlar was actually a stage name. Her real name was Minnie Anne Plummer and she was a native of West Paris, Maine. Almost forgotten today because most of her operatic career was in Europe, she was, nevertheless, one of the greatest singers which Maine gave to the world of music. Her golden voice was once heard in all the major opera houses of Europe. She had sung lead roles with Enrico Caruso, Ernest Van Dyke, and other grand opera stars of the day. The power and beauty of her incomparable bel canto soprano voice was on a par with that of those other Maine singers—Carey, Eammes, and Nordica. In the fall of 1910 she returned to the United States as the prima donna of the French Opera Company of Paris, France. It was the first time in the history of the Company that its prima donna had been a native American. After a triumphant tour of major American and Canadian cities, Minne returned to South Paris to visit her parents and take a short vacation before going on to New York to sing at the Metropolitan.

Minne never sang at the Met. Shortly after her return home the recently widowed C. A. Stephens came to call. This was not the first time they had met. Many years before he had accompanied his mother on a visit to the home of her parents shortly after her birth. During the visit he had been induced, Minne said, "to hold me in his arms much to his embarrassment!" But now things were different. This time, "he took her in his arms without embarrassment and for nineteen years of heaven she rested against his noble heart."

C. A. Stephens was a gentle genius with a scintillating imagination, social conscience, and universal vision. His books of adventure in the forests of Maine and Canada helped create appreciation in the general public for the world of nature and the need to preserve a portion of America's wilderness for future generations. They helped gain public

support for the establishment of national parks.

Through his skills as a storyteller he sought to change the whole concept of college education. Several of his best books of adventure set forth the revolutionary idea for a "Steamship College" in which students would spend four years traveling to all parts of the world studying and attending classes on shipboard as they went. The world would be the classroom and all of life its curriculum.



Mlle. Minne Scarlar as she appeared just prior to her departure for Europe in 1897, at the age of 26, to begin her career in grand opera. (Used with permission of Louise Harris, founder of C. A. Stephens Collection, Brown University.)

The fight of the Cubans for independence from Spain found a strong and unswerving supporter in him. He was not only an early proponent of Cuban independence, but risked his life to get the facts and publicize them to the outside world.

He was an early advocate of statehood for Alaska and understood, as few others, the rich potential of that vast and beautiful wilderness. His idea, however, was that Alaska should be organized not simply as one but three states.

He conceived the idea of a submarine that could go to the ocean floor and salvage sunken ships. Such a device, now a commonplace of marine science, was still far in the future when C. A. Stephens wrote his "Uncle Jarve" stories about it near the turn of the century. He understood some of the principles of aeronautical engineering and carried out simple experiments in human flight before the Wright brothers. He was an early

champion of women's rights and believed that their need for an education was equal to that of men. He was an advocate of the "strenuous life" in the outdoors many years before Theodore Roosevelt made the phrase so popular.

For over sixty years, C. A. Stephens was a storyteller to America. Thousands of Americans, mesmerized by his marvelous stories, beat a path to his door during his lifetime in an almost worshipful pilgrimage. Even today a small but continuous flow of visitors make their way to Norway to see the place where his amazing mansion, "The Laboratory," once stood and to explore the countryside made famous by his spellbinding stories about life on the Old Squire's Farm "away down east in the Pine Tree State" by the shores of the placid Pennessseewassee.

C. A. Stephens died on September 22, 1931, and was laid to rest in the Riverside Cemetery, South Paris. But the spell he wove with his gentle, imaginative pen still lingers like the soft afterglow of a summer sunset. His beautiful, nostalgic stories so full of the light of reality as well as those with futuristic visions still retain their power to enthrall. We shall not see his like again.

FOOTNOTES

1. Louise Harris, *A Comprehensive Bibliography of C. A. Stephens*, p. 11.
2. C. A. Stephens—"When the Self-Sender Walked Home," in *Tales of Bowdoin*, ed. by John Minot, pp. 67-68.
3. C. A. Stephens, *Immortal Life* (1920), p. 118.
4. C. A. Stephens, *Natural Salvation* (1907), pp. 247-48.
5. C. A. Stephens, *Natural Salvation* (1910), p. 48.
6. C. F. Whitman, *A History of Norway*, p. 514.
7. Louise Harris, *A Chuckle and A Laugh*, p. 85.

A STORY OF HIS HOME FOLKS

Lost In The Encyclopedia by C. A. Stephens

There were no more than thirty or forty books in the farmhouse at the old Squire's place when we young folks first went home to live: books of all sorts including two family Bibles, half a dozen Testaments, Pilgrim's Progress, a hymn book, Murray's Grammar, Welch's Arithmetic, Colton's Geography, Town's Fourth Reader, and a spelling book. There

was also a Walker's Dictionary and a Surveyor's Guide; for the old Squire was the possessor of a compass and chain and had been accustomed to run lines for his fellow pioneers.

He and Grandmother Ruth had been too busy farming, summers; lumbering, winters; and raising a family to have found time to read one. Except for a single worn copy of Scott's Waverly there wasn't a novel in the house.

When my Cousin Addison came, however, he brought a number of books which had been his father's—his father was preceptor of an academy—among them a copy of Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*, Wilson's *American Ornithology*, Dana's *Geology*, and Parker's *Natural Philosophy*, all of which he treasured highly, even jealously.

Cousin Theodora's heirlooms were less of the scientific order; they included two of Fenimore Cooper's novels, *The Prairie* and *The Last of the Mohicans*, and quite a ponderous Bible Dictionary.

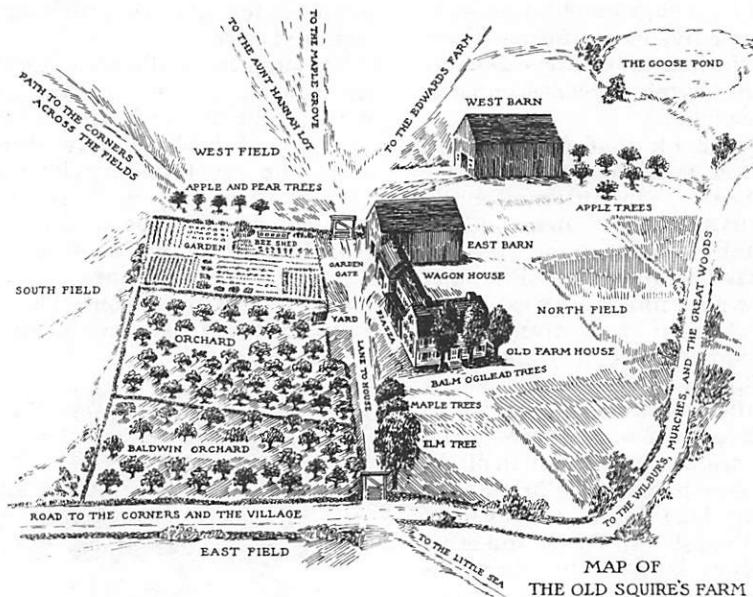
Cousin Ellen, too, enriched the sitting-room bookcase with three of Mary J. Holmes' stories and a *Scottish Chiefs*, which had been her mother's; and even Halstead had what he called his "Pirate Book" which he kept in the depths of his trunk and never let the old folks see him reading; although I feel sure Grandmother Ruth knew all about it!

I was the only one of the group who contributed nothing to the literary treasures of the old homestead; and I remember feeling shamefully insignificant on that account; to this day I have never quite got over that sense of inferiority.

It was not till our third winter at the farm, when we began taking up certain new studies at the district school and at home, that the schoolmaster, Joel Pierson, who boarded at the old Squire's, insisted that we needed a reference work for looking up facts and general information in history, biography, and the sciences.

"What you need here in this family is a good encyclopedia," he said to the Old Squire. "You have five young folks, all of whom I hope are going ahead to get an education. An encyclopedia will be a great help to them. Better have one."

The Old Squire asserted at once, but



Map of the Old Squire's farm as conceived by C. A. Stephens

even he was a little staggered when we learned that the cost of a proper encyclopedia in a durable binding, would be one hundred and twenty five dollars; and Grandmother Ruth at once cried out against such an outlay.

"It does seem a good deal of money, Mother," Master Pierson replied. (He always called Grandmother Ruth, "Mother.") "But these young folks must all help pay for it. They must work for it, same as I do to get books, clothes, and college expenses. That's the way to prize things, work for them. I'm sure these five boys and girls can raise half of that money if they will try hard."

We declared we could and would. "Then what say, Squire, could you put in half of that hundred and twenty-five dollars if these young folks would raise the other half?"

The old Squire laughed and said he could.

Grandmother Ruth, I recollect, was not quite as sanguine as the rest of us. "It sounds to me extravagant," she said more than once.

We found that actually earning sixty-two dollars and fifty cents was not easy. Theodora and Ellen said they would raise twenty dollars, somehow, if we boys would find the balance; and the method Addison and I adopted during the month of February was to cut and draw ten cords of white birch to the "spool mill," six miles from the farm. We thought we had done a fine thing, and

I doubt if we properly realized at the time that the old Squire was obliged to furnish team, feed and board, beside the birch, while we were thus occupied. He did not complain, however, and did not mention it, though once while we were boasting of our exploit to the girls, Grandmother Ruth quietly reminded us of it.

For poor Ellen and Theodora were finding their share much more difficult to raise. At first during the latter part of winter and spring, they attempted to "draw" two rugs with hooks, from colored woolen stuff, for which a lady in Portland had offered ten dollars apiece. But they at length gave that up as impracticable; they had not been able to shear them properly and spoiled both rugs.

Later, in May, they hit on the expedient of raising a flock of turkeys . . . Care and troubles multiplied daily. Nearly twenty of the chicks died during the first two or three weeks of summer; and in September foxes got eight of the half-grown turkeys and there were several other casualties, so that when Thanksgiving week arrived there were only seventeen marketable birds. But meantime Ellen had been industriously "drying apples" to make up a threatened deficit; and they came proudly forward with their twenty dollars (and two dollars to spare) the week before Master Pierson arrived and the winter school began. It had been a

really heroic effort on their part—yet, as in our case, I suppose the old Squire had to furnish food, board, and shoe-leather for it.

The encyclopedia was sent for and came during the first week of winter school. It was in sixteen large volumes, handsomely bound in leather. Addison meantime had made a special bookcase for it, fashioned from oak boards and set alongside the other, larger bookcase in the sitting room.

It was a proud evening in the family annals when we unpacked the work from the large box in which it had come, and, after arranging it in alphabetical order, stood back to observe the effect, while Master Pierson shouted, "Bravo! Well done! I'm proud of you!"

But . . . I never did use those fine volumes much. They were too learned; I had not yet grown up to them; nor do I think that Theodora and Ellen often had recourse to them of their own accord, although while school was keeping that winter, Master Pierson made a point of sending us to look up things daily.

Oddly enough, as it seemed to us then, the old Squire with all his cares of farming and lumbering, was the one who really studied the encyclopedia! The work came to him as a means of gratifying a long-felt want for information on a thousand subjects concerning which he had felt curiosity all his life. The fact was that the old Squire belonged to a generation of men—the Hamlins, the Fessendens, the Morrills, the Washburns—who did honor to their native state and rose to eminence in political life. With better opportunities for education in his youth, I feel sure he would have taken his place among the best of them.

That encyclopedia opened an avenue to a wealth of information and culture which he had the kind of mind to appreciate. He fell upon it greedily, like a hungry man at a feast. Throughout those winter evenings, I recall that while we young folks conned our lessons or played and clattered about the farmhouse, the old Squire sat by a little lightstand in the corner of the sitting-room, with spectacles astride his nose, wholly absorbed in first one, then another volume of that new encyclopedia. He must have been seventy-two at the time, but a schoolgirl in possession of

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a new romance could hardly have been more keenly interested. He read so late at night and became so absorbed at times, that Grandmother Ruth grew concerned lest he was neglecting his Bible and "the means of grace;" the old lady had all along been a little suspicious of that encyclopedia.

The first week in May was always housecleaning week at the old farm—dreadful days of soap-and-water and a general upset of everything in the way of furniture. Sweeping, rug-beating and tidying-up of course

came every week; but house-cleaning was the dire event of the year . . . Grandmother Ruth and the girls put on old dresses and a look of determination. The kitchen steamed with hot water kettles. Tables and chairs were moved out on the piazza and were joined there by three or four "air-tight" stoves from the chambers. Gaunt bedsteads migrated to the yard; mattresses balanced themselves on the yard fence; and inside, the rites were performed!

Generally there were two or three days during which it was highly

unsafe for a boy or man to come poking indoors upon anything save the most urgent business. Nights we slept wherever we could find a place, and meals came at all sorts of hours with anything that was handy for food. Then followed two or three days of fresh paint, shellac or whitewash, hazardous because we had to walk the floors on narrow boards, laid down on cleats, and woe be to him who made a misstep. In short it was a week of domestic tribulation.

Wise from past experience, the old Squire was wont to betake himself to work in some remote field or pasture of the farm, and take us boys with him . . . On the second morning of house-cleaning in the year when we first had that encyclopedia the old Squire posted us boys off to repair the fence about the back pasture—nearly a mile distant from the house—and remarked that we had better not return for luncheon until we had gone completely around the pasture. He would have accompanied us but it chanced that he was looking for a lumber dealer from Portland on that day . . .

Addison and I did not return from the pasture till past two in the afternoon and then, perceiving that a table was set in the kitchen with food, we went in and proceeded to regale ourselves. While we were doing so, Grandmother Ruth passed through the kitchen and asked where the old Squire was and why he had not come in with us. Addison replied that he had not been with us that day . . . No one, it appeared, had seen him since his visitor left at about eleven o'clock . . . Thereupon Grandmother Ruth went to have a look at the old Squire's wearing apparel. "He hasn't gone far away," she said. "He wore his working clothes; his better suit is in the closet."

That he had gone to some of the neighbors, and for some reason remained awhile, was the next supposition; Ellen ran up to the Murch farm to inquire; Theodora also hastened across lots to the Edwards farm, and Addison went out along the highway towards the "Corners" to make inquiries at the Sylvesters' and other places; while I scudded off by the cart road to the Aunt Hannah Lot. In the course of half an hour, however, we were all back with much the same report: none of the



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A TOWN, A FAMILY, AND LESLIE BANCROFT

Paris girl at the Olympics

by Wini Drag

How do you tell the story of a small-town girl making it to the big time *without* it sounding like a typical small-town-girl-makes-it-to-the-big-time story?

With Leslie Bancroft, it's easy. This is not your average small town girl, and Paris is not your average small town.

Olympic skier Leslie appears shy and reserved until she smiles; then her dark eyes dance. Leslie is taking all that's happened—world travels and major competition cross country skiing—pretty much in stride. And so is her family.

A close family which has lived on Paris Hill for ten years, the Bancrofts have always done things together—in the summer, swimming and relaxing at their island home on Sebago Lake, and in the winter on the ski slopes of western Maine. Sisters Brenda, Kristie, and Holly are excited about Leslie's achievements.

"There's no jealousy," Leslie explains. "In fact, last winter when I skied Sunday River, people would say, 'Oh, you're Holly's sister.' I liked that!"



Pineapple stencils in the Bancroft home



Bancroft family and friends with Leslie at Lake Placid Olympics

Married sister Brenda still skis with the family and is around when Leslie makes quick stops home between events. Kristie, a junior at U.N.H., has shifted her interests from skiing to music, a love that started with the fabulous Jug Band at Oxford Hills High School. Holly, a senior at Gould Academy in Bethel, received the state's most improved high school Alpine skier award last year.

Hot-shot younger brother Mark has been skiing since he was two. His mother recalls that, as a baby, Mark took his naps in the ski lodge. Oddly enough, it was Leslie who often preferred staying behind in Bethel with her grandmother Hastings and cooking—a favorite activity that has led to her study of nutrition for athletes at the University of Vermont.

Although father Al, who four years ago formed Bancroft Construction Co., is busy with work throughout northern New England; and mother Mary Alice is occupied with her own consulting-renovating work, which includes hand-stencilling rooms in their own Colonial home; both make time to travel whenever possible to see Leslie in a race.

Leslie says, "No one else on the team gets the support I do. I feel so lucky. It's wonderful the concern of friends and neighbors." A friend in Bethel who had always baked a birthday cake for Leslie didn't miss last year—Grandmother delivered it to the Olympic Games in Lake Placid, New York.

A full-time student last year, Leslie is travelling with the U.S. Ski Team and living out of a suitcase this year.

Admitting this is the hardest part, she explains that, underneath, "I'm really a home body, but now I'm learning to look around more rather than just training when I'm somewhere. I'm enjoying getting to know the people where we're staying, and using it as an opportunity to learn about the country."

She will be participating in the World Championship race during this coming February in Oslo, Norway. An individual competition race, this event is really more important to the skier than the Olympics.

Leslie spent some time this fall skiing on the glacier in Austria and is now training in Labrador. While training, whether on skis, roller skis, or on foot, Leslie says she "listens to her body limits." This wasn't always the case and she suffered for it.

In the beginning, she says it was



Mary Alice Bancroft



CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING TIPS FROM OLYMPIC SKIER LESLIE BANCROFT

*** My best advice is to stay relaxed** when learning to ski. Cross country skiing should be a normal fluid motion which is best obtained when in a relaxed frame of mind. Concentrating too much on proper technique will produce a "robot" skier.

*** Dress appropriately.** Although heavy warm-up pants and parkas are not necessary, be sure to have adequate clothing along, either in a back pack, Johnny pack, or even tied around the waist. Since one does tend to work up a sweat while skiing, I find it best to dress in layers which can easily be taken off and put back on again. Remember—it's better to have too much clothing than not enough.

*** Never ski alone** if planning to ski in an unfamiliar area or for an extended period of time. If you do ski alone, make sure someone knows where you'll be and when to expect you back.

*** Waxless skis make skiing much more convenient** and are perfectly adequate for the recreational skier. Waxing is an art in itself and the wrong wax can make skiing very frustrating. Waxless skis do tend to be slower, so are not advised for racers.

*** Being in relatively good physical shape** is a pre-requisite for racers. At higher levels, cross country skiing is a very demanding sport and can best be enjoyed if the racer has been physically active throughout the year, or at least throughout the fall.

*** Cross country skiing, however, does not have to be a fast sport.** Walking on skis or ski touring can be an enjoyable way to spend an afternoon or evening with friends.



Leslie Bancroft

noteworthy if "Hey, I jogged all the way around the block!" Now she's learned to build her endurance.

She had skied downhill since the age of nine and began running with the Oxford Hills high school team while still in junior high. And run she did—to become state champion by her senior year.

But her mother recalls she had to borrow cross country skis for her first race during her freshman year—on a track she'd never seen.

But even after being awarded the Ski Meister at three meets, Leslie still had no aspirations of carrying this interest beyond school. She credits former coach Gary Worthing with encouraging her to continue on.

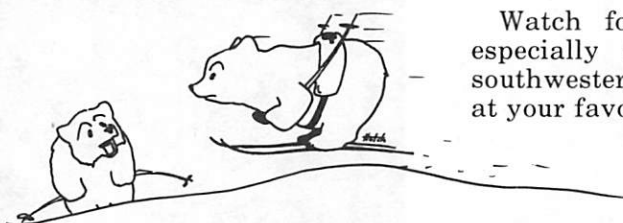
"I'll never forget how he drove five hours one way in a terrible snowstorm just to watch me in one race."



The excitement since then has been impressive—the Olympics; the trips to Alaska, Austria, Wisconsin, North Dakota; the White House reception. But at the top of the list was the homecoming party thrown by the people of Norway-Paris at which they gave Leslie the \$700.00 needed to compete in the Senior Nationals.

"I think the whole town was there that night," Leslie says.

The enthusiasm and support of her friends and family continues to follow Leslie Bancroft, Olympic skier.



SKI The Southwest MAINE!



Folk Tales

Bill Dunlop, intrepid Mechanic Falls sailor, and his sailing companion, his cat.

BILL DUNLOP The Last Leg

A dramatized account of a true experience.

Dunlop was topside, hauling down sails, when the storm hit. A chill rain had fallen since morning, graying the sky and giving the sea a strange, sickly cast. Thunder boomed in the distance; swells grew in size and turbulence; the barometer dropped steadily.

The horizon had become more and more ominous as the day wore on until, finally, Dunlop saw what he had feared: a sky-wide line of clouds moving toward him fast. Knowing he hadn't a moment to lose, he hastened to finish lowering the sails.

The force of a giant wave hit him as he stood on the port toe rail. Water slammed into his legs, knocking him to the deck as the *Enchantress* reeled with the impact.

Stunned, he lay there on his back, wondering if his ribs were fractured. In great pain as he strained to breathe, Dunlop attempted in vain to drop the jib from his horizontal position. Lurching unsteadily to his

feet, he made his way to the bow and, after what seemed an endless struggle, managed to lower the jib.

The sea reared up on either side of him, shaking the boat mercilessly and making firm footing impossible. He crawled across the deck awash with waves and managed, despite the wind, to bring down the mainsail. He had already used up his spare sails and had spent hours the day before mending a 40-foot tear in this one.

At long last lowering himself below deck, Dunlop looked with horror at the flooded cabin. Sea water rushed in from everywhere—through the cracks and hatches, down the hawespipe, pushed by the force of the storm. Gear, books, bedding churned and swirled in the water. Lashings and cupboard doors swung wildly above him.

Drenched and aching, Dunlop began bailing and pumping. Suddenly, the forward hatch flew open, its bolts unscrewed by the sloop's vibrations; a torrent of water poured in. He struggled to tighten the bolts as the water crept higher. Finally he returned to bailing, increasing his speed to try to catch up. Then the hatch flew open again.

On it went, into the night—with each small gain, the bolts gave way to the unabated shaking of the sea and set him back again. His body cried out for rest, his limbs rebelled at the endless demands as he knelt on raw and bleeding knees in the cruel water.

"Mustn't give up," he told himself. "Can't stop now, so close to home." He struggled to keep his mind clear as the water rose.

Dunlop knew this was the sea's game and it was the master player. It playfully spread diamonds out before you, luring you out only to turn into a dark and snarling monster threatening to devour you. Dunlop closed his eyes and lay back in the water, the motion of the boat lulling him like a giant rocking chair. Fatigue bored into his nerves and marrow and, as if in a dream, he watched it take over his body. His mind drifted back to the trip over, weeks ago. Enroute to Falmouth, England, he had run into problems of grave proportions. A tangled halyard had made raising the mainsail more than halfway impossible. Another nightmare storm had buffeted the sloop violently and every time he tried climbing the dipping, swaying mast, he had been knocked down. He came within an inch of losing his life that time, when the nylon rope had slipped its knots and dumped him on a sloshing deck, heading for the open side as the boat tilted downward into a trough. Glancing up at a sheer wall of dark green water, he was certain he'd "had it," that the wall would crash down on him like a giant hand, forcing him over and down, down until his lungs exploded.

But luck had been with him: a coil of line fastened to the bow pulpit had caught and held, stopping his slide. The ninth try up the 45' mast, with raw and bleeding thighs, he went about it scientifically, deliberately, and succeeded in raising the mainsail enough to get him to England.



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TIPS FOR HAIR CARE

Lack of knowledge could lead to innocently abusing your hair. Accentuate your precision cuts by following a few precautions and regularly reconditioning your hair:

Cleaning & Styling

Shampoos with a pH range of 4.5 and 5.5 are formulated to benefit specific scientific characteristics of human hair and scalp. They will maintain hair and scalp's natural acid mantle (pH range 4.5-5.5).

Proper Thermal Styling

Popularity of Thermal Styling has, unfortunately, contributed to an increase in mechanical damage to the hair. Friction of wet brushing and exposure to excessive heat are the main culprits.

Reducing Friction

1. Treat hair with scientific products designed for the purpose.
2. Gently comb through towel-dry hair before using a brush.
3. Lubricate and protect hair with Air Set Heat Styling Lotion.

Blow-Dryer Precautions

Hold your blow-dryer three to six inches from the hair. Be careful to pull your brush through the hair in one smooth motion. For longer style retention and less heat exposure, switch your blow-dryer to a cool setting and "set" each curl.

Curling Iron Precautions

Scorching begins while iron is in contact with the hair. Remove iron before you think curl is ready. Make sure preheated iron isn't too hot. Wrap in damp towel to cool iron down.

Hot Roller Precautions

Eliminate damaging hair ends by wrapping your hair with end papers.

Permanents

Perming, or permanent waving, is the process of reforming the hair's curl pattern with chemicals.

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Elizabeth & Laura

It seemed an age since he had set off from Portland, with no companion, crew, or electronic gear on board. He had only a cheap sextant and a shabby copy of Mary Blewitt's *Celestial Navigation for Yachtsmen*. But both had been rendered useless—the sextant by seaspray which eroded the mirrors; the celestial navigation by rain 20 out of 28 days.

Now he was on the last leg of the return voyage, 300 miles from Nova Scotia at last reckoning. Outside, the wind screamed, wailing like a banshee as it hit the steel cables and the rigging. A vast, ghostly chorus of howling and moaning filled the huge black world beyond the cabin.

Nights when there's a storm are the worst, he thought. You never know what's out there, or when it will hit. A mast could snap in two in a storm such as this and be hurled like a spear through your hull.

Waves have an evil intelligence, but knowing them is not for a man to do. And the sound—the awful screaming of the wind wrapping itself around the wires, and moaning up and down the mast, and shrieking off the ropes. You can't shut it out—the Sound is Death coming after you on the big black waves.

Only a sailor can know this, thought Dunlop: the sound of the sea in a storm at night and what it can do to you.

Gradually the wild whistling of the wind filled up his head, leaving room for nothing else. Around him, the water splashed and rose, covering his ears, washing over his bearded face, receding and soaking his body. Agony merged with numbness, paralyzing his muscles. Heavy with weariness, he lay still, his hand curled around the pump.

"A little rest," he whispered. "All I need is a little rest. Maybe I can sleep a while, just like this."

William "Bill" Dunlop fought the ravages of Hurricane Bonnie for 60 hours. He reached Portland, Maine safely on August 23, 1980, after a return trip of 43 days.

The self-taught sailor and adventurer, a former trucker and construction worker whose home is in Mechanic Falls, is presently on a three-month exploration of the Bermuda Triangle in his sloop, Enchantress. This time he is

equipped with a radio transmitter that pinpoints his position back to land.

*Pat White Gorrie
Otisfield*



DARLENE GAUTHIER Selling African Violets In Hartford, Maine

Indeed! In June of 1980, Hartford was very fortunate to have Navy Recruiter Tom Gauthier, his wife Darlene, and daughters Renee and Andrea settle in this very rural area.

Of course, all our young people are now going to sea instead of maintaining the farms! But Darlene has started her own hobby to keep her occupied here. She is the owner and raiser of African Violets.

This is a first-hand account of how violets became her passion:

"I began growing African Violets in 1976, when my mother-in-law gave me six small plants from her large collection. I was reluctant to accept them—my thumb was anything but green! Just that summer I had killed several houseplants, including an aspidistra—the one called the cast-iron plant because it is nearly indestructible! I was sure my new plants would expire in sheer terror.

"Mom told me the few easy culture rules to grow these beautiful plants. With a little tender loving care and all this good advice, my African Violets not only lived but grew and bloomed again. Then one day I accidentally broke off a leaf. It was too healthy to throw away so I planted it. Six weeks later the little babies appeared. I think that is when I really became "hooked" on African Violets. In a few

short years my collection has grown from these six to over 400 varieties.

"They are not hard to grow as many people believe. African Violets are America's favorite houseplant and the ease of culture and abundant bloom are the main reasons.

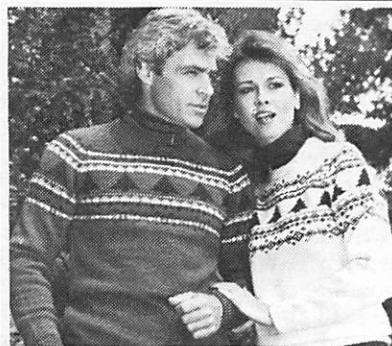
"African Violets were first discovered in 1892 by Baron Walter von St. Paul in East Africa in what was then Tanganyika Territory, now Tanzania. The Baron sent seeds home to his father in Germany. Although they were discovered nearly a century ago they did not gain real popularity until the last thirty years or so. In 1946 when the first African Violet show was held, the named varieties could be listed on one type-written page. And all were in shades of blue and purple. Today there are thousands of varieties in shades of white, red, pink, blue, purple, even bi-colors and tri-colors. They come in single blossom, double, star-shaped, frilly and bell-shaped. The leaf forms are as varied, from the plain standard leaf to the leaf curled up on itself; from bustled to variegated in many colors—the possibilities for combination are endless! But the variety does not stop here—they also come in sizes from 2 inches in diameter to a tremendous 24 inches across. Besides the wheel-like rosette form we all associate with saintpaulias there are now trailing violets for the popular hanging baskets. How could I have possibly stopped with my original six?

"My African Violet collection now consists of mainly miniatures; those that grow from two inches to eight inches at maturity. In the past few years great strides have been made to hybridize beautiful miniatures that bloom as well as their larger sisters. I like smaller plants as I can grow more in less space. Since they take up less room, many people can grow them on windowsills where the standard plants will not fit.

"This year I have turned my hobby into a business venture and am offering leaves and a few plants for sale. I like sharing my plants and meeting other people who share my love for African Violets."

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*Lorraine Greig
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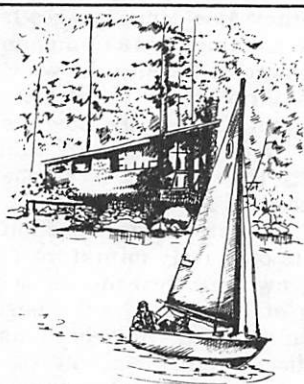
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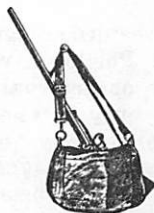
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Anna's Bell

by R. S. Waite



His shotgun wouldn't open. On a sentimental whim, he had taken a handful of the ancient paper shells kept in a cigar box on the closet shelf, as a kind of reminder of simpler times. They had loaded hard, swollen through the long years somewhat like himself, and his first shot of the morning had locked the old double tight against his shaking hands.

His heart, which had surged as the partridge burst skyward under his feet, continued to spasm in reaction. One gently sinking feather was all that remained to mock his tearing eyes. Trembling, he found a nearby stump, leaned back against a twinning pair of white birch. A stone wall traced his path up the hill, along the orchard where he had taken the odd ripe one in his youth. The frosted husks of fallen leaves lay everywhere. In the far distance, unseen, a tractor muttered to a field.

The reassuring weight of his shotgun lay across his legs: a 20-gauge double, blueing worn away just ahead of the breech from carrying. The stock was scratched and battered, although the clean lines still shone through. He had other, finer guns at home, but this was the one which came to hand the most; first and best. His sons chided him about its age and appearance, but he turned a bland face to them and offered to trade shots for money. Either from respect or caution they never took him up on it. His uncle had carved the English-style stock to replace the split original; he had kept meaning to have it refinished but somehow never got around to it. Sometimes he could still see the shavings as his uncle had worked, and hear him explaining the merits of splinter fore-end and straight stock, and the answering arguments from his father. Pipe smoke had anointed the air, while ice clinked in tall glasses. Times of wonder to a young boy.

This season he hadn't really planned on hunting; most of the joy had faded with passing years as his partners disappeared and the covers all began to look alike. Somehow,

though, opening day found him walking uphill along a back road to a once-favored cover his father had shown him. They had hunted there many times, and then he had come alone. Then . . . well, it had changed. But it was still his first cover, where he had trained his first dog—old Anna—and here was where he had buried her wrapped in his hunting vest. The rock mound was over to the left, along the edge she had always wanted to try first. Other dogs had followed, but Anna with her tinkling silver bell was the first.

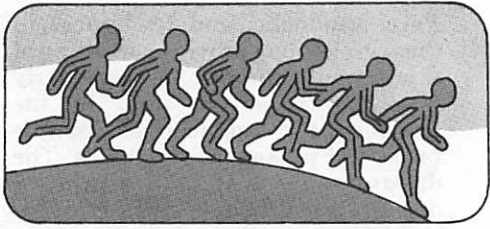
Sitting as if woven to his seat by the dust motes and sunbeams, he thought back over some of the good times—and a few of the bad—that had filled up his life. Like a great spring, it had all recently seemed to be winding down. The boys had moved out after their mother passed on, leaving the old house full of echoes and memories.

With a start he realized he had been nodding off, lulled by the whispering trees bending over him. Some leaves had fallen to cover his boots and hand. Idly he imagined the leaves falling, faster and faster to cover him right where he lay, like a comforter, or making a heatless pyre: tribute to a lost Viking far from the sea.

Vaguely he understood that he was now stretched out on his side alongside the rotting stump, facing the grown-over bird cover. His vision seemed to have a clarity thought left far back in his youth. Gradually, the sharp edges rounded, bringing his focus straight ahead, while growing so acute it almost hurt. Down by the edge of the cover he caught a glimpse of something moving, something small and familiar. Suddenly he knew that in a moment he would regain his strength, rise, and follow the sweet tinkling of old Anna's bell into the heart of the trees beyond.

And so he did.

Mr. Waite, who lives on Paris Hill, is a gunsmith who specializes in antique gun restorations as well as general repairs.



Medicine For The Hills

by
Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

UPDATE ON ARTHRITIS Part III

In two previous articles we looked at rheumatoid arthritis, arthritis quackery, and various drugs used to treat rheumatoid arthritis. We now turn to a discussion of the other common forms of arthritis.

Osteoarthritis or degenerative joint disease is the arthritis of advancing age. All of us develop this form of arthritis if we live long enough. It is the most common form of arthritis. Thirty-seven percent of all adults and ninety-seven percent of those over the age of 60 have this form of arthritis. It is the result of wear and tear on the joints, and therefore the joints most used and most burdened in life will be most commonly affected.

The hips, knees, spine, and outermost joints of the fingers most often suffer. This disease tends to spare the wrists, elbows, shoulders, ankles, and base of the fingers, and is therefore different from the rheumatoid variety which commonly afflicts these joints. Osteoarthritis differs from rheumatoid disease in another way as well. There is seldom swelling, redness, or increased heat (the inflammation we have talked about) in the affected joint, and there are never the constitutional symptoms of weight loss, fatigue, or involvement of the internal organs (as discussed in the last article).

Continued use of a joint eventually wears away the gristle of the joint space, the cartilage tissue and synovium. The joint loses its elastic cushion and its lubrication. The cartilage frays, and bone begins to grate upon bone. Pain ensues. If the process becomes severe, the joint can become misshapen and markedly limited in its motion. This is osteoarthritis. One sign of the disease is the bony enlargement at the ends of the fingers. Some people are more prone to this joint wear and tear than others and may develop the disease as early as age forty. The disease is

also more common in women than men. Trauma to a particular joint may speed the development of osteoarthritis in that joint.

Physical therapy and exercise help tremendously in preventing the immobility of joints and in preserving function when joints are affected by osteoarthritis. Treating obesity is obviously crucial to the treatment of osteoarthritis. Aspirin, indomethacin, tolectin, and phenyl butazone are all quite effective for pain relief. (These drugs were all discussed in last month's article). With severe joint disability, surgery can help immeasurably; patients receiving total hip replacement can be benefitted greatly.

Gout is a second common form of arthritis. A classical description of that disease follows:

"The victim goes to bed and sleeps in good health. About two o'clock in the morning he is awakened by severe pain in the great toe, more rarely in the heel, ankle, or instep. The pain is like that of a dislocation, and yet the parts feel as if cold water were poured over them. Then follow chills and shivers, and a little fever. The pain, which was at first moderate, becomes more intense. With its intensity, the chills and shivers increase. Now it is a violent stretching and tearing of the ligaments—now it is a gnawing pain, and now a pressure and tightening. So exquisite and lively meanwhile is the feeling of the part affected, that it cannot bear the weight of the bed clothes nor the jar of a person walking in the room. The night is passed in torture, sleeplessness, turning of the part affected, and perpetual change of posture."

Thus did a seventeenth-century physician describe one of his own gout attacks. There is no improving on this description. Of patients in pain, the young doctor in training never forgets the patient with a kidney stone nor the man with severe gout.

Gout is an arthritis caused by a chemical imbalance. Uric acid

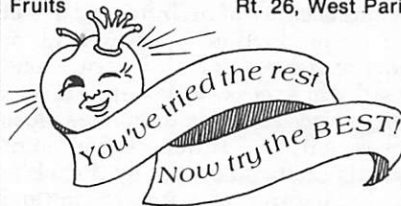
concentration in the blood rises above normal because of an inherited defect of over-production of uric acid or under-excretion of it. Uric acid crystals in excess settle out in tissue, joints, and kidneys, much as does excess salt in brine. These joint crystals incite an attack by the white blood cells and, as with rheumatoid arthritis, inflammation of the joint results. Inflammation in the joint can mean arthritis. Were that not enough, crystals in the kidneys damage those organs and can lead to kidney stones.

There are many misconceptions about gout. A high uric acid level does not necessarily diagnose gout. Twice as many people have abnormally high blood levels of uric acid as ever develop gout. A sore toe or knee coupled with a high blood test for uric acid does not necessarily mean one has gout. Diagnosing gout is more involved than that—a needle in the joint, a urine collection, or x-rays of the joints affected are often required. Still, many with osteoarthritis are mistakenly labelled as having gout because of one blood test. Treatment of gout is quite different from that for osteoarthritis. Distinguishing the two is therefore quite important.

A second misconception about gout concerns diet. Although diet control is important in treatment, a single dietary indiscretion will not cause an attack. In fact, fasting is more likely to cause an attack. There is also the notion, equally untrue, that wealthy people with splendid diets are more prone to develop gout. Membership in the middle class, with its less spectacular dietary fare, does not protect one against gout.

Gout cannot be cured. Drugs available control the disease so well, though, that kidney damage is avoided, and acute arthritis rarely, if ever, occurs. Gout medicine must be taken for life. Patients too often take the medicines for a few months, and then stop them, believing themselves cured. Colchicine, indomethacin, and phenylbutazone all treat acute gout quite effectively. Allopurinol (Zyloprim) and probenecid (Benamid) lower the blood levels of uric acid and prevent future attacks, as well as preventing kidney damage. Allopurinol and probenecid are of no use in other forms of arthritis. Aspirin prevents the body from ridding itself of uric acid and can therefore worsen gout in a gout-prone

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individual. This is why correct diagnosis of arthritis can be so very important.

Rheumatoid arthritis, osteoarthritis, gout—these are the most common forms of arthritis. **Ankylosing spondylitis** is much less common. It chiefly affects the spine, although other joints may be inflamed. Not usually as crippling as rheumatoid arthritis, ankylosing spondylitis runs in families and affects primarily young males. **Systemic lupus erythematosus** usually strikes young women. The arthritis of this disease is very similar to rheumatoid arthritis, but fever, rash, and kidney disease are more frequent. Though many cases of lupus are mild, this can be a chronic and potentially life-threatening disease. Treatment is difficult and can be quite hazardous. **Scleroderma** produces a rheumatoid-like arthritis and also hardening of the skin, various organ abnormalities, and whitening of the fingers upon exposure to cold (Raynaud's phenomenon). Many people, however, have Raynaud's phenomenon without ever having scleroderma. Many cases of scleroderma are mild, but the disease can be devastating.

Infectious arthritis is not rare, and, if recognized and not confused with another form of joint inflammation, is curable. Most commonly joint infection results either from extension of an infection from a wound nearby the joint, or from a blood-borne spread of a gonorrheal infection. Usually, one joint is infected only—but the inflammation (swelling, redness, heat, pain) can be severe.

Elderly patients with "rheumatism" may have a potentially devastating disease. This disease, **polymyalgia rheumatica**, affects chiefly the muscles of the shoulders and hips, producing morning stiffness, lethargy, and weight loss. Since this is a muscle rather than a joint disease, polymyalgia rheumatica is not really an arthritis, but because of its chief complications and its confusion with arthritis, this form of "rheumatism" is important to mention in any discussion of arthritis. In forty percent of those patients with this muscle disease, the arteries supplying the retinas become inflamed and sudden, rapidly advancing blindness can result.

Pain, headache, and tenderness in the temples may provide a warning of this complication to those elderly people with severe pain in the shoulders and hip muscles. A simple blood test makes the diagnosis. The disease responds dramatically to low dosages of cortisone, and blindness can be prevented.

To summarize these three articles on arthritis, consider a number of points. Diagnosing the various types of arthritis can be very difficult. A painful toe may indicate gout, gonorrhea, osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or infection. The patient cannot be expected to make the distinction among these various diseases but should be aware of the many diseases which must be considered. Medicines are quite helpful in arthritis but must not be used in shotgun fashion. There is no one drug which will treat all of the forms. Aspirin helps rheumatoid arthritis but can aggravate gout. Be aware of the possible dangers of drug therapy. In some instances, the side effects from drugs can be worse than the disease itself. Most arthritis is chronic and has no cure, although effective therapy is available. Obesity aggravates the burden of diseased weight-bearing joints, and extreme obesity can cause osteoarthritis of weight-bearing joints. An informed patient can provide information helpful in making a diagnosis, can better assess his medical care by judging how his doctor listens to him and what his doctor considers when confronted with a case of arthritis. The informed patient becomes the aware patient, better able to direct and control his own medical care.

Medicine For The Hills is a regular monthly column dealing with various topics of our good health.

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Reader's Room:

ENERGY ANXIETIES

Did you ever sneak a peek at the gauges on the fuel truck after the energy man slips his shiny bright nozzle into the fill pipe and starts pumping? Catch, if you can, the tenths of gallons as they register. My, how they whirl, flipping to readings of single gallons, then quickly into units of ten. Flip, flip, flip, and the reading just passed the hundred mark and still clicking.

Knowing what the oil tank will hold and estimating how much was in there you can probably guess approximately how much the tank will take; but cripes, you didn't think it would gulp quite that amount. Figuring at a buck a gallon . . . but wait, that was a month or so back . . . a bunk-twenty maybe? Ah, well, look at those dials spin. Have to wait for the price slip.

With the soaring prices one never knows what the final reading will be. Like a poker game in a casino, the odds are with the house, and there is no question that you will end up paying in this particular game; but how can you pay more than you have to spend? One can only be glad it's a once-a-month deal.

Exit frigid Xmas with its unpaid bills. Enter the new year with sub-zero temperatures and the onslaught of energy anxieties.

The thermometer drops to 30 below. This year's new strain of flu virus lays you low. Out three days one week and two the following. Sure takes a bite out of the budget, when one paycheck out of a two-paycheck family goes to the fuel company.

Remember when one weekly paycheck paid for a month's supply of heat with maybe enough left over to cover the light bill? Today that same depreciator will barely cover a week's worth with a little help from Mother Nature and some overtime.

The energy man arrives again. Again? But he was here a couple of

weeks ago. How can this be? Degree days, buddy. Have a nice day, he calls, as he slips the slip between the insulated doors, and runs off to the next customer. Price of poker just went up again. Glad my credit is good.

If one lives any distance from the place where they put in a part of their life each day to exist in today's present condition of inflation, they probably keep an observant eye on their vehicle's gas gauge.

One doesn't want to be caught too many times arriving home with the fuel indicator resting close to empty. Not with temperatures below the zero mark, one doesn't. Back to the nearest petrol station and hope to heaven it is open, and you don't get stuck, as the needle bounces on empty. And doesn't it always seem that the times you are lax in keeping an anxious eye on the gas gauge are the times when the weather is lousiest? It's too lousy to safely drive in but not bad enough to waste expensive fuel on maintaining the roads.

At least gasoline prices haven't reached the price of heating fuel, strange as that seems. Correction, as you coast into the pumps and glance up at the metal price board swinging in the wind: it just passed it by two cents.

Remember a few years ago when a \$10 bill took you a long way? How about a five spot? \$2 took you out for an evening and you got your windows washed. How far will \$2 take you now? Down to the next station if the traffic isn't too thick.

The estimating game is a loser at the petrol pumps as it is with the heating fuel trucks. Only good thing about the home energy truck's gauges is that they register in gallons and not in half-gallons. The price didn't seem too bad until you doubled it in your head.

Then the day came when you pulled into the filling station and read the price on the pumps when the nozzle jumped in the car's fill pipe indicating

the tank was full. You need an antacid and tranquilizers as you double the price in your head and deduct it from the small amount in your wallet.

The attendant comes to your window and states the total that is on the pumps. They just received new pumps that register in gallons. What you see is what you shell out. Such relief as you pull away, to think it was just half of what you thought it was—until you drive down the street and see that someone is selling his for a nickel a gallon cheaper. Somebody has got to pick up the tab on the new pumps.

The anxieties deepen as you wonder if next week when you pull into the pumps there will be enough green in your pocket to get you from Point X to Point Y.

The whole winter is an anxiety trip. Especially the trip to the mailbox. What dunning notice lies in wait behind the door? The oil company; they are almost current according to my books. Shouldn't have had the flu, though, never will catch up with the other utilities. Charge accounts; the yearly Christmas hangover. And the power company, another game of chance.

How much did we save this month? All unnecessary juice-eaters kept at a minimum minimum. Very conservative on our use of the juice.

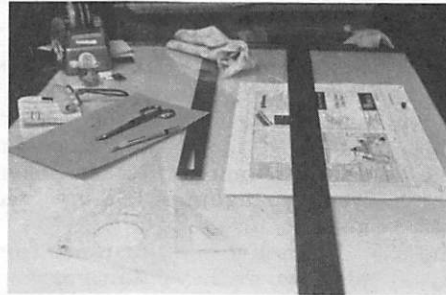
Ease the statement out, fingers trembling from the cold. Not bad, only a \$40 increase. Some folks got hit by \$60-\$70 increases. Trim the budget, that's the trend. The old paycheck sure is losing its elasticity. At least the days are getting longer.

The Arctic cold spell breaks around Candlemas Day. You can chortle at the old fuel dealers. Their trips went from bi-weekly to almost monthly. The mail is watched for diligently. Refund time. Uncle Sam's eagle will fly over any day now. Maybe that will help to appease the talons that reach for my wallet every time I throw open the hatch to retrieve my mail.

A Magazine



1. Typesetting by computer— Nancy M.



2. Paste-up—Paula does the layout of copy & pictures



3. Proofreading— Nancy G. checking ads



4. To the camera to turn layouts into negatives



Dawne & Hutch



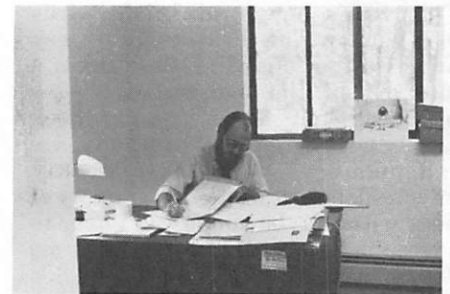
Peter



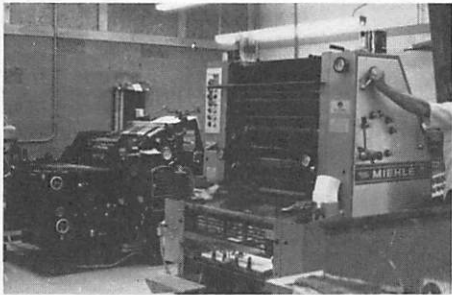
5. Hank gets negatives for "stripping" into place for offset printing



6. Steve checks negatives for clarity



Scrapbook



7. The presses roll!

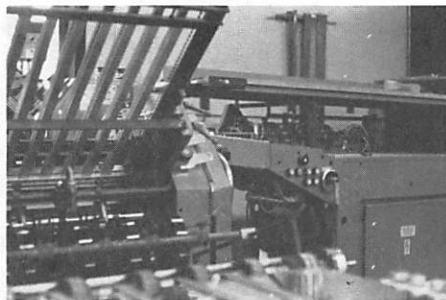


8. Paul double-checks printed pages



Mike & ink

Helen



9. Folding equipment

Cheryl



Dave



10. Rose "collating"—putting the folded parts together

11. Gary, trimming the edges



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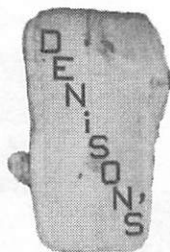
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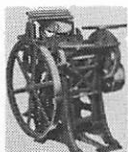
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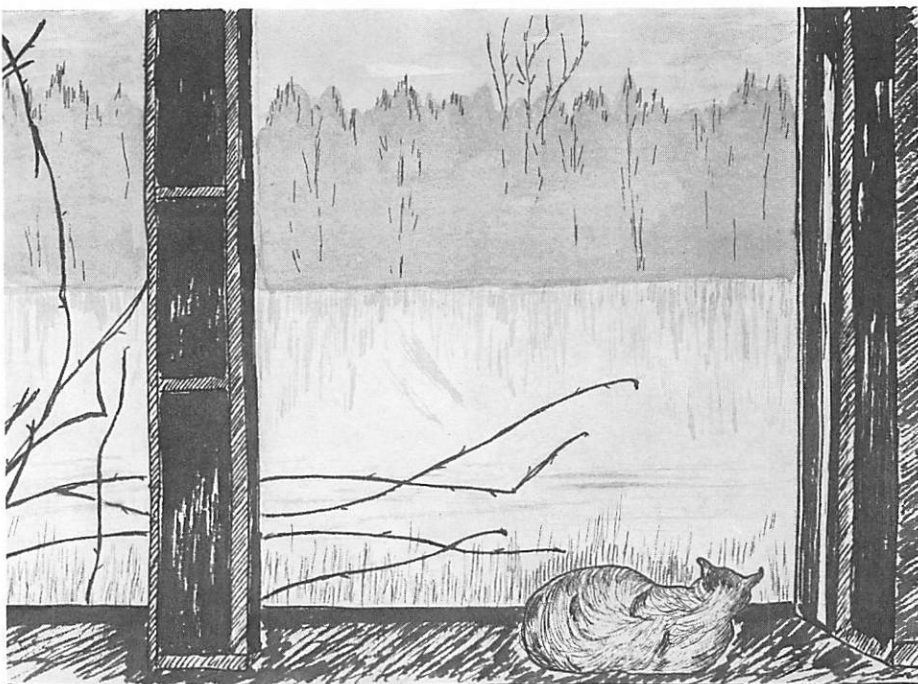
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SNOW

A child asks, "What is snow?"

Snow is the "poor man's fertilizer,"
the moisture-preserver,
The filler of wells and reservoirs,
the grower of wheat,
The bringer of life to the dusty desert
of death.

Snow is the friend of sportsmen,
children with sleds,
Tall skiers swooping down from the
height like birds,
Snowmobilers chugging merrily away,
An ancient horse jingling his bells
as he moves,
A superannuated sleigh across
the fields.

Snow is the shroud of our beloved
dead.

Snow is the pure white mantle of
the Lord
Masking the ugly scars of sinful earth,
Brightly reflecting the light of
a midnight sky,
Soothing the tension, healing the
heartbreak, whispering
The angelic song that rang through
Bethlehem.

*John E. Hankins
Otisfield*



DANNY

You, being young, and I,
Not quite so young, stood freely
Among the high aged mountains in the
Winter's last snow.
There was much I could tell you—
But truly, more you could
Show me.
We skied along, shadowing
One another, I marveled
Your stride—such fineness, graced
With power, from a slight physique.
When the path divided, you stopped,
Feeling I, the older, should
Make the decision—
We both grew up that way.
The warm sun glazed the tracks,
We flew effortlessly—
The kind of skiing remembered in the
Long days of summer. I yelped and
Hooted in celebration, would
Have yodeled if I knew how. And you,
One with the tour and
Uncertain of my joy, smiled.
I threw the first snowball;
You shook off that
Little man guise and fired back.
The shadows of later winter grew
Longer. A chill set in. Time to end.
You led, backtracking, and I
Turned to the Longfellow
For one last glimpse—you never
Cared to look back, but, I know,
That time will come.

*Richard Burt Kent
Rumford*

Homemade

"Just Plain" Muffins

Mrs. Donald Kimball (Jerry) of Hiram likes to cook—but "just plain food, nothing fancy," she says. A great fan of Marjorie Standish's former column in the Portland Sunday paper, Mrs. Kimball knows, as Mrs.

Standish proclaimed, that "just plain" food was the pride and sustenance of Maine. Muffins and hot breads add filling warmth to a mid-winter meal.

BANANA-BRAN MUFFINS

- 1-1/4 cups flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1-1/2 cups whole bran cereal
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup mashed banana
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup oil

Sift dry ingredients. Mix well the cereal, milk and banana—let stand 1 to 2 minutes, beat in egg and oil. Add to flour mixture and stir just until combined. Divide into 12 greased muffin cups. Bake in 400° oven 25 minutes.

These are a hearty muffin with a mild banana flavor. They freeze well.

DOUGHNUT MUFFINS

- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup oil
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1-1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Using a fork, beat egg in mixing bowl. Add the oil and milk and continue beating with fork. Sift dry ingredients; add to mixture and stir with a fork. Turn into 12 well-greased medium-sized muffin cups. Sprinkle top of each with sugar and cinnamon and put a dot of butter or margarine on. Bake at 400° about 20 minutes.

Folks who have to restrict fried foods in their diet might like to try these doughnut muffins to get a similar flavor.

SQUASH MUFFINS

- 1 cup cooked strained squash
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 2 Tbsp. sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbsp. melted butter

Combine eggs and squash. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to squash. Stir in butter. Fill greased muffin cups two-thirds full. Bake at 400° about 25 minutes. Makes 12-14.

If you like a spicy muffin, any combination of spices may be sifted with the dry ingredients.

STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB MUFFINS

- 1-3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2-1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/3 cup oil
- 3/4 cup minced fresh rhubarb
- 1/2 cup sliced fresh strawberries

Sift together all dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and oil. Beat again. Add to dry ingredients and stir just until moistened. Fold berries and rhubarb into mixture. Fill greased muffin cups two-thirds full. Bake in 400° oven for 20-25 minutes. Makes 1 dozen.

I like these best when they're cold. The texture is better and the flavor more pronounced.



COCONUT CARROT BREAD

- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups finely shredded carrots
- 1 pkg. (7 oz.) flaked coconut
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

In large bowl, beat eggs until light. Add oil, vanilla, carrots, coconut, nuts, and raisins and stir well. Sift dry ingredients and add, stirring until well mixed. Pour into greased 9 x 5 x 3 loaf pan and bake at 350° about 1 hour and 10 minutes, or until done. Cool in pan 10 minutes, then remove to rack. No milk or other liquid is necessary in this recipe.

Nuts and raisins may be omitted to reduce cost of making loaf. I usually use two smaller size loaf pans—have one to eat and one to freeze.

Jerry Kimball
Hiram

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Spring arrives at 2 below, along with the friendly, underpaid, overworked, verbally abused energy man. The postman arrives the next day, with a letter from my fuel company and the long awaited refund check.

The letter from the fuel company reads: "Cash only basis until sufficient progress is showed toward paying the balance"—that didn't take long. Pat the unopened brown envelope. Maybe that will save my credit rating.

Uncle Sam, I kiss the hand that giveth—or taketh away—as an explanation with the refund check explains why I only received 10% of what I thought was coming back.

As one energy runner said to another while applying for food stamps: "Life sure is a downer trying to make ends meet for the energy producers, ain't it?"

*Richard Judkins
Norway*

THE FOREST POND

At the only point where it can be reached without getting one's feet wet, a narrow trail has been cut, down the steep embankment to the marsh that borders the pond. As one walks out on the gnarled dead pine which has been knocked down, across to the water's edge, the panorama of a few rippling acres of Maine's wilderness unfolds. The swamp grass grows around the whole pond to a height of about three feet. Rising above the grass are scatterings of stunted maple saplings and cedars. Towering over the scene are skeletons of large pines killed by the excess water.

Taking shape on the south edge of the water is a beaver lodge with its occupants apparently taking an afternoon nap inside. Looking out across to the upper end, one can see a box turtle sunning itself on an old log. A short distance away, five mallard ducks are also taking advantage of a sunny afternoon. Apparently the only animals stirring are the blue jays, the sentinels of the forest. On a

typical summer day, the most appealing features are the silence and the solitude, the only noise being the soft whispering of the breeze in the grass.

Along towards the middle of October the scene takes on a somewhat different look as the frosts turn the maples to yellow and brilliant scarlet colors. The turtles are then deep in the mud, in hibernation. The pond takes on a sense of urgency as the beavers are busily securing and storing their winter food supply. Migrating birds are plentiful and noisy, as they pause in this secluded, relatively safe spot to rest and feed. The lazy summer day has turned to a busy, chilly one.

As December grows near, ice starts to form. The ducks and migratory birds leave for warmer climates and the beavers take to their lodges for the winter. In a matter of a few weeks the area is locked in winter's silence.

*Sam Lavertu
East Lebanon*

THE PHYSICAL

When I was a little girl the doctor looked like something right out of a Norman Rockwell painting. The typical, kindly, white-haired gentleman whose bespectacled eyes radiated compassion, concern, and trust. Have you been to a doctor lately? They're a whole new breed. You could meet one of them on the street and easily mistake him for the new golf pro, the bass player in a rock group, or a bulldozer operator.

I'm due for a physical soon. The last time I had one was an experience. Now as a general rule I have quite low blood pressure, but the minute I enter the office it elevates and they handle me as if I were on the verge of a stroke at any moment. Nerves? You be nervous too if this "kid" was taking your pulse while checking his Star Wars wristwatch! And while this is going on I'm standing in a paper gown that the ties on the neck ripped off when my shaky fingers tried to tie

them. For some reason he seems to find this amusing and keeps grinning as if to say, "It's not going to make any difference to you once you're on the examining table."

He leaves the room temporarily and to get the nurse and I look around for all those reassuring sights—a picture of his family, his diploma, anything that would remind me of that Norman Rockwell type doctor. Instead of a picture of a blue-haired lady with glasses, which I didn't really expect anyway, there is a picture of him in a football uniform, ready to throw a pass. At least I think it was him, minus the beard and mustache, and collar-length hair. Thank goodness he *does* have a diploma, but I wish I hadn't seen the date, the ink couldn't be dry yet. This kid is going to look at *my* body? My clothes are in the dressing room and there's no way to get to them without going through the waiting room in my flapping gown. Whoever designed this office knew his stuff.

He's back now, and pointing to the table. Compared to that monstrosity with its metal stirrups, the electric chair would have looked good. I have no way of proving it, but I expect he keeps those instruments in the freezer when they're not in use. He mentions a few scary words and just when I'm expecting to be a likely candidate for surgery, he says "As far as I can see, everything is fine." Hey, this guy is pretty good, even if he is only a kid.

Now it's time to go through the whole procedure again and this time with a new doctor. I wonder what this one will be like. I sort of suspect it will be very similar all around; when I called for an appointment they put me on hold and I could hear music playing in the background. If it had been Johnny Mathis singing "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life," I might have felt much better, but now I'm really apprehensive; I heard Johnny Paycheck singing "Take This Job And Shove It."

*Dawnalyn Dunham Hickey
Lincolntonville*

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Christmas Memories



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

1980 certainly was a year of Bah Humbugs. Interest rates rose, credit was tougher, crime rates skyrocketed, and inflation was uncontrollable. When watching Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, one found oneself sympathizing with Scrooge before he met his ghosts. To add to the miseries of all, I almost had Santa arrested.

While peering out my window one cold winter's eve, I noticed a pick-up truck moving slowly up the street with its headlights off. Being of a suspicious nature, I continued to watch the dark truck. Many possibilities ran through my mind, none of them too encouraging. My suspicions almost got the best of me, and I was about to call the local police, when the driver of the truck turned on his emergency flashers.

I was dumbfounded to see St. Nick himself leave the truck and approach my neighbor's house. A few minutes later, there came a "Ho-ho-ho," a knock at my door, and a request to see my son.

When Will came out of his room, I could see I had made a mistake. I didn't have my camera ready. The expression on his face was priceless. His eyes lit up like Christmas candles and his jaw almost hit the floor when he saw Santa Claus standing in his living room.

After reaching into his bag and giving Will some goodies, Santa was gone, but only physically. Still unable to speak, Will jumped into my arms and gave me the biggest hug he as ever given me as I carried him to bed. A minute later, renditions of *Jingle Bells* and *Santa Claus Is Coming To Town* were heard coming from my son's room, sung as only a four-year-old can sing them.

I don't know who that was, dressed as Santa on a cold winter's night, but one thing I do know. The lives of many local children were brightened and an impression made on us all that will last for many Christmases to come. It is so refreshing to see that, in a time when we are all under so much stress, both personal and economic, someone is willing to put his own problems and pressures aside to give of himself and make others happy. But isn't that really the spirit of Christmas? Thanks, Santa.

Bill Titus
Norway

LE RÉVEILLON

*A Vanishing Franco-American
Holiday Custom*

Three women and I—the women of my grandparents's generation—talk in a room at the Marshwood

Health Care Facility in Lewiston. It is late October and I have come to do research on an article about winter holiday customs among Franco-Americans of two and three generations ago.

Two, Medore Beuparlant and Imelda LeCompte, I have just met; the third, Emilia Lessard, I have known all my life. She is my grandfather's cousin, a woman we know as *ma tante* Emilia.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose! (The more things change, the more they remain the same!) My recollections are not dissimilar from theirs and yet how lean our poor Franco holidays have grown since my childhood.

All three remember well the Christmases of their youth. The midnight mass and the all-night *réveillon* were at the core of their celebrations. But these came late in the evening.

Immediately after supper on Christmas Eve, the rosary was said. Then the younger children were put to bed while the older children washed the supper dishes. This done, everyone's attention turned to decorating the tree. Papa brought the tree in; Maman took down decorations from a closet; one of the girls started popping corn to be used for garlands while another took

If you don't sew . . .

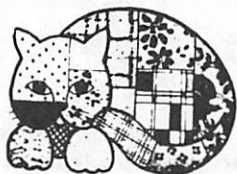
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cranberries out of the icebox and started stringing them; the other kids were cutting and glueing paper to make runners, "chains" for the tree.

Finally, with the star or angel atop the tree and the manger, *la crèche*, beneath, it was time for everyone to go to bed.

At eleven p.m. the alarm clamored. Those who were attending midnight mass arose (one of the adolescents stayed to babysit the sleeping children), and walked or rode across the cold town to church. Midnight mass began with the old French hymn, *Minuit Crétien* (O Holy Night!). After mass, the younger children, who had been aroused about 12:30 and dressed excitedly, were picked up by the rest and off everyone went to grandparents' house for the *réveillon*.

Interestingly enough, Papa Noël (or Santa Claus) arrived almost as soon as everyone had gathered. One by one, gifts were handed out to the excited children and beaming adults.

By 2:30 the gifts were all distributed (and not broken so soon in those days, my three fine ladies remind me!) and the mess in the living room cleaned.

Then came the meal: *tourtière* (pork-and-potato, or occasionally chicken-and-potato pie) served with mashed potatoes, vegetables, cranberries, and followed by desserts.

Afterward, the adults talked and the children played. Sometimes a musical instrument was taken out and there would be singing and dancing. At any French-Canadian parties, there was always plenty to drink: whiskey, mostly, but also beer and gin, and perhaps rum and brandy. By dawn, people were ready to return home.

My own memories of Christmas are not so different, although 45 or 50 years separate my childhood from theirs.

There were several years when my *mémère* (grandmother) was not feeling well and the responsibility for the *réveillon* fell on my mother. I remember *ma tante* Thérèse, my mother's sister, coming over to help. Perhaps it was only Christmas Eve, perhaps the day before, too. She and my mother baked pies: custard with plenty of nutmeg; raspberry-rhubarb; blueberry; squash. Except for the blueberries, the fruits and vegetables were all from our farm in Lisbon Falls.

The main part of the meal, of course, was the *tourtière*. Christmas Eve was a time of abstinence and fasting: the women tasted but did not eat the filling.

Our Christmas tree was up by then—perhaps as soon as a week before Christmas. But, after supper on Christmas Eve, there was the same excitement of anticipation for the *réveillon*. It was a sweet, almost painful excitement. By 7:30 we were abed until 11 when we woke for the midnight mass. Later, my aunts and uncles gathered at our house on the Ridge. Gifts were distributed by Santa Claus (Papa Noël had changed his name!) who came from upstairs where my father's parents lived.

In later years, we went to my mother's parents in Lewiston. After the gifts were unwrapped, my

At eleven p.m. the alarm clamored . . . after midnight mass everyone went off to grandparents' house for the reveillon until dawn.

grandmother, or perhaps one of my aunts, stood in the doorway which separated the kitchen from the dining room and the living room.

"*Venez manger. Ça se refroidit!*" (Come eat. It's getting cold!)

We walked into the kitchen—perhaps the kids walked a bit quickly—and took plates to serve ourselves buffet-style.

The kids sat at the dining room table. We were from 20 to 30 grandchildren in town, depending on the year. The adults (perhaps 15 to 20 of them) balanced plates on their knees.

As soon as we finished, off we went to play with our new toys. By 5:30 or 6:00 a.m., we were off to our own homes and to bed until 10 or 11. In the afternoon, we returned to *Mémère* and *Pépère's*. There were plenty of left-overs.

How was Christmas then different from Christmas now? "We had more joy," remembers Medora Beauparlant. "We were pleased with simple things. We had more pleasure from the orange and banana and nuts we found in our stocking the morning after the *réveillon* than children do today in finding all sorts of expensive things. We didn't have fancy toys.

Our fathers made wood toys; our mothers sewed dolls. But they were special."

Emilia Lessard, who was born in New Auburn in 1893, adds, "Today kids have too much. And they don't make things. They don't talk about how they are going to *make* gifts, but where they are going to *buy* them."

(As I write this, I see trick-or-treating kids outside my window. They are dressed in store-bought costumes. I remember making and remaking my costume throughout the month of October—borrowing here, refashioning there, trying it out, changing this or that. Now kids buy ready-made costumes; another rite of a consumer society—but back to our story!)

The following week it was time to start over again. On the days preceding New Year's Day, there was the same preparatory cooking for the *réveillon*. On New Year's Eve, everyone went to bed early. There was no midnight mass; when everyone got up at eleven and dressed, they went directly to the *réveillon*.

When everyone had gathered, someone, perhaps the one with a bit more education (de l'instruction) than the others, read or recited a declamation praising the mother and the father for their strength and guidance during the previous year and asking them for the same for the coming year. Then everyone knelt before the head of the family who would give a benediction to his wife, their children and mates, and their grandchildren.

(The benediction had disappeared by the time of my childhood, but Franco-Americans still make a to-do about greeting each other with fond wishes when they first meet in the new year.

Then it was time to eat. The menu was the same as for Christmas. Afterward, people played music. The accordion, the harmonica, and the violin were popular instruments. (All three ladies agreed that the piano was too expensive for most families.)

Says Mme. LeCompte, "We reveled all night and then we would go to work the next day. Sometimes people would go home to sleep a few hours, sometimes not. I can tell you it wasn't the most productive day of the year! For *les américains*, of course, this was just an ordinary day. For us, it was a special holiday. After work, we'd get

together again for a big meal and off to bed."

"People communicated more in those days. We have lost a lot," says Mme. Beauparlant.

It's been at least 4 or 5 years since I've been to a *réveillon*. The times have changed with the holidays.



MISSION MOOSE TWENTY-FOUR

**An original tale
from the woods of
the State of Maine
presented as though told
by the narrator
to seven small listeners
by Fern Tudor Wells**

© 1980

Put another log on the fire, please, Eric. Look out, Shell! Be careful with the corn popper, Dougie is right behind you. No touch, David. The fire screen is hot. Burn! This cranberry juice is chilled just right; thanks, Jenny. So, Toni, you think the cheese smells funny. Try some anyway, tastes yummy. Thank you, Kim, you did polish the apples to a shine. Why are the nuts so scratchy? Well, girl child, black walnuts have rougher shells than do English ones.

There. Now we're all set for our snack. Yes, princess, 'twas fun finding the moose tracks. Mm mnn, I know you're hungry after our tramp through the woods. Grampa will be starved, too, when he finishes his last run with the snow plow. One of you remind me about hot coffee for him in about ten minutes.

Right now the old clock's chiming reminds me your mothers and daddys should be leaving the game pretty soon. Too bad we could round up only six tickets; hockey's big up here. And the power would go off just when we wished to see the last few minutes of play.

No, little lamb, that's not a moose on the mantle by the clock. It's the bull Donna sent from Germany. Difference—between that bull and a bull moose? Well, quite a lot, little one. Moose are bigger, have no tail . . .

Hold it, angel, one candle's enough

There's no denying it. Yet, as the winter holiday season is once again with us, it is important to use the best of our memories to create a present we will remember fondly. This is perhaps the chief benefit of memories.

Denis Ledoux
Buckfield

for now. Later, Gramps will light the oil lamps. No, this is not really a *big* storm. The wind just sounds fierce in the great tall pines.

Come, let's all sit by the fireplace. Ah, yes, I, too, love to see the flames dance and hear the wood crackle. 'Course it's nice to watch the snowflakes from here. But soon we must lower the heavy shade.

Splendid idea, sugar plum! This is a good time for a story. All right, I shall. Believe I'll sit in the rocker, though. I think better when I rock . . . something about the creaking of this old chair. Be happy to rock you, little tiger. Up you go. Give me a moment. Everyone close their eyes and help concentrate for a few seconds.

All right, let me tell you a story even the adults in our family may like . . . for their own childlike reasons. Once again, I'm grateful for the recorder my sister sent me. Turn it on, please, we'll make a tape to send to her and your great-grandmother. Thanks, doll face.

Scoot your cushions closer if you wish to stretch out on the floor in front of the fire. All set?

This is your own special story, a tale nobody's ever heard before. It took place here at Wells Knoll a long, long, long time ago. Truth or make-believe, my sweet? What do *you* think, dear hearts?

Once upon a time, Mr. and Mrs. Moose were very, very sad. Adam and Amanda Moose just knew they were the most misunderstood animals in the whole world. Certainly they were the most unhappy creatures in all of the State of Maine woods.

You see, all year long Mr. and Mrs. Human maligned Adam and Amanda Moose. Hannibal Human called the big bull moose more than just clumsy. Hannah Human labeled

the cow moose less than not graceful. Worse, though, Hannibal and Hannah Human claimed that Adam and Amanda Moose were irresponsible wanderers.

And come autumn, the Moooses' lives were even worse. Indeed, their very lives were in constant danger; gunshots broke the silence of the great forest. You're right, cupcake, hunting season. You, too are right, young man; I do not like animals to be killed on our land. And yes, Grampa really did see a moose right outside that glass slider. He was sitting about

where you now sprawl so comfortably. No, mother and I were upstairs sewing; we ran to the wrong window when Grampa shouted. NO, he does not hunt.

Back to the story. Although the man Hannibal hunted all the wild animals, he particularly liked to hunt the marvelously majestic moose. On the other hand—and to her credit—the woman Hannah harbored the belief that it was *wrong* to kill the *state animal*.

At any rate, Man did hunt Moose. Hunting season—moose season—

was a dangerous and dreaded time for Adam and Amanda Moose.

Even so, the holiday season was *more* dreaded! Christmas time was the most dreadfully dreaded because the Moooses did not feel needed. Then, too, they were constantly reminded by the seemingly insensitive Humans of the super job the reindeer did each Christmas Eve.

At long last one year the hurt was almost too much to bear. "Don't they know we have feelings, too?" Adam questioned. "We bleed when we are cut."

"Moose are people too," echoed Adam's spouse. And Amanda's eyes shimmered with tears. Her mate's rapid blinking was caused, *he* said, by the rapid rising of the wind.

Anyhow, Amanda tried to be brave and bear up, Adam tried to be supportive and cheer up. But 'twas very hard for them to pull themselves up and stand on their own two . . . uh, four . . . feet and walk tall, as I sometimes say. This December seemed doomed to be the most painful twelfth month the Moooses had ever known. Mr. and Mrs. Moose were very, very sad.

Then one white and swirly morning, the bright and shining One appeared. How? My dears, that's a story all by itself. Just *know* that One beamed down as on soundless wings. Why? Patience, child, you'll see. I'm getting to that. Just be patient, please.

So, to get on with this fable, One's message came across loud and clear. "Be not sad, Adam and Amanda Moose. You *are* needed—greatly needed—this aeon. There are many universes where people need to know about Christmas. In occupied Out There await many people who need to know that the spirit of Christmas is peace, the message of Christmas is love.

"Only God's Earth creatures can carry the meaning of Christmas to all Out There. But all Earth Creatures except you, Adam and Amanda, are too busy—too busy with the chap they call 'Santa,' an elf-like fellow who drives a team of your cousins from housetop to housetop each twenty-four December.

"Therefore, you, my fine moose friends, are chosen for the highest honor ever accorded. Your mission outranks all others in the entire deer—or any other—family. Mission

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Moose Twenty-four: thus you are wonderfully needed for all Christmas Eves to come.

"Take from now to eternity to tell Out There Everybody of the great joy and wonder of Christmas. Further, bid them good welcome to the wondrous and glorious news. News that we need to make others happy if we would be happy ourselves. Word that we need to be warm and gracious to others if we wish to feel wanted and welcome ourselves.

"You, Adam and Amanda Moose, will come with me each twenty-four December to take these great gifts of good news."

Believe me, my darlings, Mr. and Mrs. Moose were no longer sad. In fact, they were so overwhelmed with happiness, they literally could not speak. So, Adam nodded his huge antlered head in grateful assent; Amanda moved her newly red-ribboned head in thankful accord.

Accordingly, One directed his charges, the chosen moose, to momentarily shield their eyes. There was a flash of dazzling light. Then One bid, "On the alert, Adam and Amanda, we are ready to board. And we must go at once, universal times are fleeting.

"First, however, observe the message that Out There Everybody will receive as we enter each of their universes. Shall I interpret for you?"

"Hail, God's creatures!

We come in peace

With love

To wish you great joy and

To bid you good welcome.

"You know, chosen moose, the word *welcome* will be most happily received. For you will be telling Out There that they are no longer feared by Earth creatures—that you will hereafter warmly welcome them." And with that One ushered Adam and Amanda Moose aboard. There was no countdown. They were immediately launched Out There.

And that, dear ones, is the end of the story. And in good time, too. I hear your grandfather's snow plow in the dooryard drive.

What, dear heart? You saw people will never believe my moose-mission story? Doubtlessly true, they won't—not everyone believes in flying saucers, either!

Hence, you have two answers for the pitifully poor doubters who ask if this story is real or make-believe.

For openers, look them square in the eyes and ask, "How do you really *know* Adam and Amanda Moose are *not* on a mission in Out There every twenty-four December?"

Then close with this clincher, "You *never saw* a couple of moose on Christmas Eve . . . did you? Think about it."

Listen, my sweets, Grampa's coming down the Sally port stairs and the little tiger is sleeping so peacefully in my arms. You all run to greet Grampa, help him off with his boots, hurry him to the fire.

Meanwhile, I'll just sing to keep our littlest one sleeping 'til I can tuck him in the crib. Lullabye and good night, guardian angels will keep you . . . Mmn mmn mm, duh da du . . .

Merry Christmas, Love!

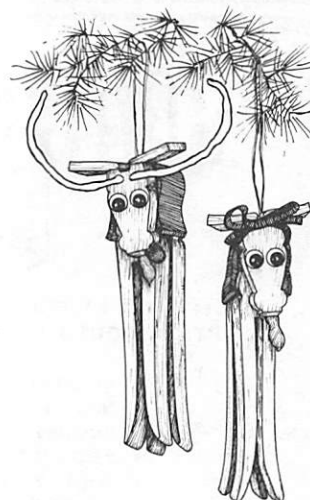
Mrs. Wells is an Otisfield writer who has been honored in The World Who's Who of Women, Who's Who in Public Relations, and Who's Who in American Women (but not in Journalism, as reported last month).

Legislative hearings are being held to decide the fate of the clothespin import quota—a political question which affects three clothespin manufactures in Maine. Here is a holiday craft project from Fern Wells to help support the wooden clothespin industry:

CLOTHESPIN MOOSE

Let me tell you about a fun project in support of Maine's clothespin industry fight. In minutes you can make charming little creatures that salute the state animal: the majestic moose.

You'll hang Adam and Amanda Moose as Christmas tree ornaments or display in other decor.



You'll think about sending the couple to your congressman or congresswoman to call attention to a couple of the State of Maine's controversial issues. Or to others expressly to promote The Pine Tree State.

Are you reading, clothespin producers? Tourism personnel? Chamber of commerce members?

Here's how I create my original Moose: a brace of good-will ambassadors.

For *each* moose, you'll need:

3 peg-type hardwood clothespins (I use flat ones, you may prefer round.)

pair of plastic eyes (I think domed ones with floating black pupils are most characteristic)

3 1/4" x 3/4" green felt (saddle blanket)

half of Q-tip (bell)

11" gold cord (hanger)

smidgen of strong black coffee and glue.

To finish the bull moose, have on hand one pipe cleaner for his antlers and 3/8 x 5/8" red felt for his tongue. The cow moose's finishing touch is merely a 1/4 x 9 1/4" strip of red felt: her head ribbon.

Make Mr. and Mrs. Moose this way: begin with friendly persuasion, for I can't saw worth a tinker's dam. Someone (initially Friend Husband)

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saws two clothespins off about one-eighth inch above the point of prong division. (Clothespin heads become moose heads.) Sawyer then saws each prong off 11/16" from originally shaped end. (Little pieces form ears.)

Now, the writer's talents suffice. Dip both ends of Q-tip in coffee. Break stick in half. Set the "bells" aside to dry. (Both bull and cow moose have bells.)

To Adam first (who am I to argue with Creation?), cut slit in small end of head, form mouth. Round end of red felt bit, insert and glue tongue, lolling from left side of mouth. Cut pipe cleaner in half and attach antlers. Bend to shape.

Glue tapered ends of ears atop each animal's head. Glue eyes in place, setting Adam's wider apart than Amanda's.

Cut her headband from narrow strip of felt. Place under her ears, glue abutted ends to head. Fashion bows from remaining red felt and glue to finish head ribbon.

Form each of the two bodies by glueing two clothespins together. Arrange Adam's so that his hind legs are a little left of his front legs; Amanda's a bit right of her front.

Knot together two ends of each cord, glue to front "neck" of each body. Glue bells at an angle to fall at point of leg separation, over and to side of animals' left legs. Center and glue heads over bells. (Turning moose heads left causes their eyes to turn right.)

Secure saddle blankets in place. Enjoy!

And/or employ in promoting the clothespin industry; in publicizing the Pine Tree State's vacationlands and seasons; in propounding the State of Maine's general good image at home and abroad.

Make happy waves: make your own clothespin moose ornaments. No ad agency could better tell our story.

To let each other know how we use our Moose to promote and support Maine and Mainers: tell me, care of BitterSweet, about your ideas and how they work for you. Think clothespin moose would make a good school or church project? Maybe to hang in store windows? Display on bank counters? In your car?

Dirigo.

©Fern Tudor Wells
Otisfield



New England Past

Photographs from
1880 - 1915
selected and edited
by Jane Sugden
text by
Norman Kotker

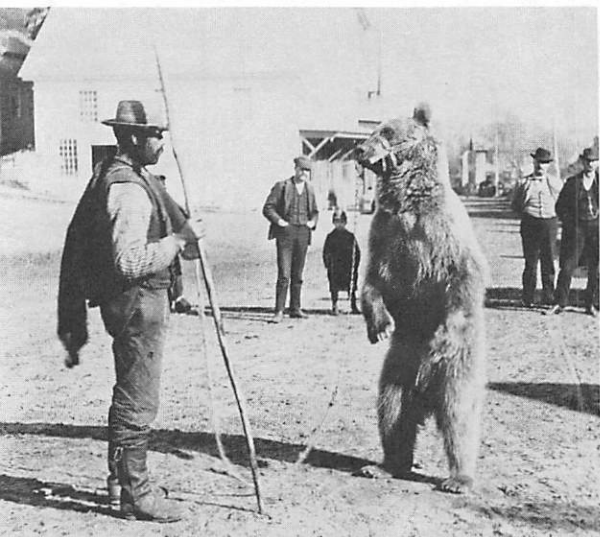
These pictures are from a new book published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc. of New York. As the book says: "A few months after Parisians first saw the marvelous results of what inventor Louis-Jacques-Mande Daguerre called 'a chemical and physical process which gives nature the ability to reproduce itself,' New Englanders were able to admire photographs too." They were also able to take photographs themselves, and this fine volume—an excellent gift for those who love the past—is a compilation of many of the best.



Scenes from Maine: (Top) Harrison in its glory before blight attacked the American elm. (Middle) A portrait of the athletes of Limerick: the Bicycle Club and one lone tennis player. (Bottom) Back in the days when a winter's occupation was cutting ice for storage in sawdust-lined ice houses before it was sold in the cities, this ice house near York was a busy place.

Photo Credits: This page, top, Brown Bros., Sterling, Pa.; middle, Jane Lougee Bryant & Arthur Townsend Lougee, Limerick; bottom, Old Gail Museum, York. Next page, right, Rangeley Library Assoc.; left, Geo. A. Farnum, Wilton. Logging photos: Lumberman's Museum, Patten and University of Maine, Orono.

(Right) Summer vacationers on the dock at Rangeley Lake early in this century; note the lapstrake canoes. (Left) There once was a time, before it became illegal, when various families kept pet bears, usually raised from cubs. This one is in Wilton.



The book **New England Past** may be found or ordered at your local bookstore.

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N.M.



WOMEN PIONEERS IN MAINE PAINTING

In some ways, women desiring to become painters in the 19th century had the edge over similarly interested men. Painting was not a part of a boy's basic education and few parents encouraged their sons in that line. For girls, however, painting was a part of the "ornamental branches of education" in the female academies of the day.

19th Century Maine was known to be the age of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Neal, Seba Smith, Charles Codman, Paul Akers, and Harrison Bird Brown. Less known is that it was also the age of Sally Wood, Ann S. Stephens, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Susanna Paine, Hannah B. Skeele, and Marià a Becket.

It was an age in which poets, painters, sculptors, and novelists emerged, seemingly from every other doorstep. Though many of these talents were women, the best remembered have thus far been men. Yet women were also active as painters and the result of their labors generally outlasts and outshines the somewhat perishable prose of their sisters.

As part of Westbrook College's Sesquicentennial celebration, the Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art has organized an exhibition entitled **Women Pioneers in Maine Painting** (26 December 1981 - 4 February 1982). The more than 70 works by some 35 artists have been drawn from the best public and private collections throughout the state. For the first time in Maine history, scholars, students, collectors, and the general public will have a chance to consider the important and lasting roles played by these artists.

The painters came from a variety of backgrounds and places, demonstrated widely divergent approaches and attitudes, and met with differing levels of success. *Susanna Paine* (who launched her career in Portland) and *Caroline Wardwell* (a native of Rumford Corner) travelled the countryside during the early decades of the 19th century. *Annie Eliza Hardy* of Bangor and *Minnie*

Libby of Norway were professionals, long established in one place. *Nellie B. Walker* came to Portland from Norway at the turn of the last century to color photographs at the Fred Thompson Studio. *Chansonetta Stanley Emmons* of Kingfield, well known as a photographer, began as a landscape and genre painter.

Others, including *Harriet Beecher Stowe*, *Mehetabel Baxter*, and *Mary King Longfellow* were not dependent upon painting for a living and were able to explore techniques at their leisure. Brunswick's *Kate Furbish*, discoverer of the like-named lousewort, was one of America's best known and finest botanical painters.

Though artists lived or worked in such scattered places as Fort Kent, Lewiston, Bath, and Fryeburg, major exhibitions and critical commentary centered mostly on Bangor or Portland. The origin of this golden age of arts derived largely from *John Neal* (America's first major art critic and a vocal advocate of the total equality of women) and his protégé, Portland editor *Ann S. Stephens*. From the 1820's through the 80's, state newspaper coverage of the arts was intense and well considered. In these reviews and exhibitions, observers seem to have made little or no sexual distinctions: a painting was a painting.

It becomes evident, in studying the paintings and careers of these artists, that our present understanding of 19th century cultural history is a not strictly factual; it is colored by our present standards and sensibilities. In some ways, women desiring to become painters then had the edge over similarly interested men. Painting was not a part of a boy's

basic education and few parents encouraged their sons in that line. For girls, however, painting was a part of the "ornamental branches of education" in the so-called "female academies" of the day. Few works by women, however, were included in histories or anthologies of the art of the 19th century.

On view in this show are fine examples of "mourning pictures" and water-colors from the schools. For women not wishing to become ornamental themselves, and for those not inclined to marry, painting was an open trade in which they had the basic skills. (It should be pointed out,



Miniature Portrait of Persis Sibley Andrews by *Caroline Hill Wardwell*, watercolor on ivory, app. 3x2 (Maine Historical Society)



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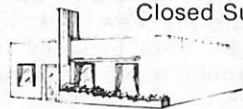
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Round Mt. Lake, 1889, by Chansonetta Stanley Emmons, oil on canvas, 11x16 (Walker Collection)

however, that for the serious woman artist wishing to study in an art school, the way was still rough. No woman's studio class was ever allowed the privilege of the men's classes—that of drawing the naked human anatomy. They were, of course, sometimes allowed to draw a naked cow. *Ed. Note.*)

For the divorced Susanna Paine, the option was teaching or hitting the road as a portrait painter. She not only succeeded in her itinerant painting career, she also wrote a fascinating autobiography, *Roses and Thorns* (1854). In 1827 a Portland critic applauded her skill and added, "Ladies must feel a pride and pleasure in patronizing a female artist." Within a decade, numerous women would strengthen the Maine scene. Bangor's Annie Hardy wrote of her aunt, the painter Mary Ann Hardy:

This work was real work, nerve-trying and wearing, but it was in the line of her tastes and also

remunerative, giving her the opportunity of self-support at a time when there was little variety in the occupations of women, and few openings for them to earn money independently.

Throughout the 19th century, women progressed in the arts. Turn-of-the-century portraitist *Mary Neal Richardson* was an early graduate of the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. With studios in Boston and Canton, Maine, she is said to have "probably painted more notables than any other woman artist in New England." Likewise, *Elizabeth H. Murray*, who worked in Portland in the 1860's and 70's, had a major patrons and showings on both sides of the Atlantic and was considered a major authority on water-color technique. It is doubtful that Maine ever produced a better painter of animal subjects than *Hannah B. Skeeel* of Kennebunkport, Saco, and Portland. Her marvellously-detailed oils (which will be

gathered in a retrospective exhibition this spring at the Brick Store Museum) are remarkable for their vibrancy and freshness of approach.

The Payson exhibition also tracks special works by artists who perhaps painted only a few canvases. *Alice J. Hall's* splendid oil view of the schooner *Commander* (1881) is a brave marine worthy of W. P. Stubbs or Antonio Jacobsen. *Eliza Mayhall's* portrait of her stern and ancient grandfather (ca. 1840) is an icon of remarkable strength. In the same scene, Elizabeth Robinson's singular view of North Yarmouth, Rachael Jordan's view of Casco, and Susan Kendall's extraordinary image of the Pool Road in Biddeford offer remarkable windows on the last century in Maine.

Though intended to demonstrate the scope and worth of Maine's "forgotten artists," the works at the Payson Gallery represent only a fraction of paintings produced by the women pioneers. Long-term study of this part of the visual arts is clearly desirable and necessary. Perhaps the research should be collected on lines similar to that of Westbrook College's Maine Women Writers Collection. However organized, future research will find important clues in the uncultured newspapers of the era in which these artists were taken very seriously. Finally, however, the women should assume their rightful former place alongside their contemporaries.

Ultimately a fuller, more balanced picture of Maine's rich, complex, and highly individualistic 19th century cultural scene will emerge. Toward that end, this exhibition is dedicated.

William David Barry &
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Tomorrow's Treasures: The Dolls of Michael Hatch

by Pat White Gorrie

Michael Hatch of Norway welcomed us into his sunny parlor, then shyly, proudly, brought out a doll—a Jumeau—dressed in old-fashioned clothes, and set her in a rocker.

She was a Renoir painting come to life, with a bloom about her—ready to breathe, it seemed, and speak—to turn that perfect head and look at you with glass eyes that seem to have a soul behind them.

Once there was a child who looked like this, full of charm, a giggle always about to erupt from her rosy little mouth to lift your spirits and warm your heart. Through Michael's painstaking artistry, that child is, in a sense, immortalized—frozen in time at her moment of perfection, the giggle always just there, on the tip of her tongue. She'll never skin a knee, pass through turbulent adolescence, earn a wrinkle . . . or a tear.

No wonder he loves his work. It totally fulfills the creative artist's need to "give birth" to something that will mark his passage and, in a sense live on after him. Writers wonder if their books or letters will lie mouldering or fall out of fashion. Painters know their canvas may not last or the style of their work stay in

favor. Bridges and monuments crumble and wooden homes succumb to rot. But a replica of the human figure, fashioned of the earth itself and hardened by fire into something solid and strong, can outlast bone and metal, and its value increase with time.

The doll appears to have been as necessary to mankind, from the earliest dawn of history, as the

Michael is one of a handful of artists in the world dedicated to keeping alive the art of porcelain dollmaking.

vessels from which we drink. The cave dweller of Lascaux, who drew bisons on the walls, probably had a child squatting near him daubing a "face" with colored clay on a piece of rock.

Michael is one of a handful of people in the world dedicated to keeping alive the art of porcelain dollmaking, which all but disappeared with the closing of French and German factories earlier in this century.

Recognized nationally as one of the finest of these artisans, he works from a studio near his bedroom in the

rambling, cheerful farmhouse where he grew up.

The familiar surroundings and his close-knit family have created the perfect spawning ground for his unusual career: a beautiful meld in which his love of research and history; his talent as an artist and designer; his dexterity with sewing needle, sculptor's tools, and paintbrush; and his rich imagination all come together. The result transcends craftsmanship and spills over into the realm of pure art.

The awakening of his talent began at his grandmother, Ruth Greenleaf's knee on a snowy day when he was six. He fashioned his first doll, a scarecrow, out of bits of cloth. It exists still, kept in a cigarbox full of small family treasures.

The Hatch flair for art was evident all through school—in high school he began producing puppet shows, creating elaborate costumes and writing original scripts. Soon he was touring all over New England with them until enrolling in Portland School of Art. Michael's original goal was fashion design, but even after several years of schooling in fine arts and design, he drifted back into dollmaking.

He bought a kiln, taught himself the techniques of porcelain firing, and began his adventure of collecting the antique dollhead molds used in those old German and French factories. They are rare and expensive. Original dolls made from these molds are valued into the thousands of dollars. Michael's reproductions, fully dressed, cost from seventy-five to about two hundred dollars.

Michael not only mixes the porcelain and makes the heads out of modern bisque which surpasses the old in its flawlessness, he carries out every other step in the production as well: from inserting glass or plastic eyes and styling the wigs to making the bodies (sometimes of kid, but usually of composition). He also does extensive research into the period costumes and designs, sewing them himself out of new but "antique looking" material.

The painting of the dollheads is done in exactly the same technique as it was 100 years ago, when women in the European factories were employed on a production piece work basis, painting eyebrows or applying wigs.

Skin colors are delicate. Eyebrows are sometimes bold in the French fashion to accentuate the beautiful glass eyes, which Michael has learned to "give depth to"—creating a replica of the paperweight eye so desired in the antiques.

Shoes, stockings, and wigs are usually ordered from a New York manufacturer. Most ears are pierced and wear earrings.

In his study of doll history, Michael has found it ironic that most of the beautiful dolls of a century ago were taken home to the children of wealthy merchants, and some of these same merchants employed hundreds of poorer children in their factories, working them long hours with little attention to their health and well-being. These "scruffy little beings" were hardly the idealized models the beautifully dressed porcelain dolls represented.

Although he has made some quite large dolls, Michael is "thinking small" for the coming year. He intends to begin making miniature porcelain dolls available in kit form for dollhouses, at a scale of one inch to the foot.

He has also begun to make Shirley Temple reproductions.

A Hatch doll—always one-of-a-kind and completely handmade—is an investment, in pure pleasure as well as monetary value.

And what a far cry these beautiful objects are from the mutton bones wrapped in burlap that beggar children played with long ago—while their privileged, pampered counterparts dragged their "glass-headed" dolls across carpeted nursery floors, or played with their silken dresses and "real blonde hair."

Two books on doll history

recommended by Michael Hatch are: **The Collector's History of Dolls** by Constance Eileen King (pub. Bonanza), and **Dolls and Doll Houses** by Kay Desmond (pub. World).

Price lists and descriptions of Michael Hatch's work are available for 50 cents (coin or stamps) and a business size self-addressed stamped envelope by writing to him c/o TOMORROW'S TREASURES, RD 1, Box 2815, Norway ME 04268. Michael Hatch is not in the doll repair business, but creates new dolls.

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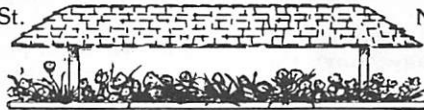


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From Atlanta To Rumford: South Meets North

by Mark Melnicove

As this is the first column of a new monthly feature in **BitterSweet**, I thought I would say a few words about what kind of books I intend to review.

Books from Maine, obviously: both from Maine presses and publishers, and by Maine authors, published within and without the state. Also, I will review books about Maine and topics of particular interest to those of us here in the north.

I will tend to feature books that are hard to come by—ones not necessarily found in bookstores. Just because a book doesn't make it to all the bookstores doesn't mean it isn't worthwhile. Many of the finest books appearing today are printed in limited editions of a couple of hundred copies only (if that many). These books have no way to compete with expensive advertising exposure and bookstore placement given to the books published by big companies. It's not that small is beautiful and big is bad; just that we often overlook the small unless we are specifically on the lookout for it.

Though I will call to your attention big books that I think truly worthy, I feel I can be of most use to you by highlighting books that are not getting much media play. I hope you will read with curiosity and a critical eye. I also recommend that you get some of the books (if not all) and read for yourself. Not only will a whole new world of books be opened up to you, but you will also be able to check my opinion against your own, and you will be better able to gauge those opinions of mine—taking them with the appropriate grains of salt (or pepper, depending upon your temperament).

And, please, I like to hear from my readers. Let me know how these books affect you. And, if you have a book you'd like reviewed, drop me a line.

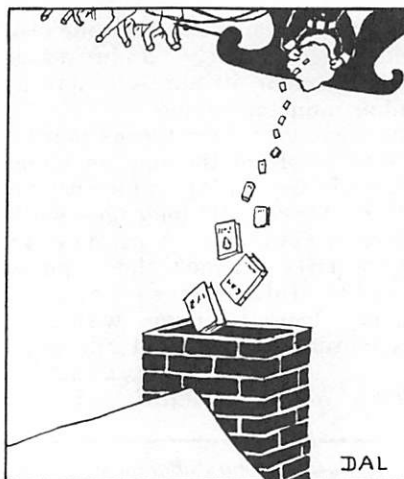
Tragic Variations

Tom Fallon

(*Metamorphosis Typewriter Books*,
226 Linden St., Rumford 04276, \$2.00)

Every day during the past winter and spring, Atlanta was in the news—specifically because of the

page 48...



Off The Shelf

A review of local authors

by Wini Drag

Takeover!

Frank M. Drigotas, Jr.
Oxford Hills Publishing Company
ppg. 148, 1981 (\$9.45)

We've waited all summer for the release of this book. Readers may recall this author's excellent description of his tour of Russia which appeared in the **Maine Sunday Telegram** last year.

Now Drigotas, recent past president of Norway National Bank (since October first a branch of Canal Bank Corporation) has turned his hand to fiction and has given us an interesting picture of the inner sanctum of the banking world.

Sub-titled a "fictionalized novel of banking," the book was nevertheless expected to be a veiled expose of the local banking changes in which Drigotas was involved. However, rather than portraying everyday life in a small-town bank, it has as its central theme the power play between directors of an Augusta bank and a Portland bank.

As Drigotas has pointed out in his introduction, the trend in business today is for big corporations to gobble up little businesses, heartlessly, not caring who gets knocked down in the process. This comes through loud and clear in the development of this story.

While life at conventions is admittedly less than staid, the

description of the drinking and carousing bankers while at a convention was difficult to accept as typical.

Drigotas uses two popular writing techniques: flashbacks and name-calling. Unfortunately, the flashbacks are used to excess and the reader is often fumbling to find where he is in the action. Name-calling is employed usually to give a clearer picture. For example, instead of saying, "he picked up the paper," one might say, "he picked up the **New York Times**." Right away, you get a different picture than you would if you read, "he picked up the **Enquirer**." Again, though, if used too often, this technique results in cumbersome reading. After mentioning the Jotul stove, the author should thereafter simply write "the stove." The reader has the mental image already.

There is some excellent writing and some good descriptive action scenes. There is also some trite writing and some sickening action. Dialogue is not used to its full potential; there is too much of the narrative. The book has a little of everything that goes into novels today: Drinking, drugs, four-letter words, murder, pay-offs, under-the-table deals, under-the-table sex, and greedy men. The drug subplot gave nothing to the developing story. However, it was well done and, in fact, for descriptive writing one of the best parts.

Personally, I think the plot is too loose and too hurried. The characters aren't developed fully. The dialogue is for the most part clipped and sparse. But I loved the almost O. Henry ending of the Epilogue.

A couple of scenes: for example, the prolonged opening disaster and the minisquously detailed climaxing action smacked somewhat of Stephen King's descriptive talents. Some readers will enjoy this.

In spite of these observations, I recommend the book. Drigotas has shown real potential and I look forward to the next book (supposed to be about one of Maine's best-kept secrets. It is to be hoped that he will take more time with it and give it needed depth.

Some may see it as a personal vendetta against the hard cold world of finances. I think it's rather a typical modern story played against a familiar backdrop. Drigotas has

peppered it with the terms of the world he knows: current banking terms and concerns along with some national and international happenings.

Takeover is more a novelette than a novel and can be read easily in an evening. It is available at Books-n-Things in Oxford Plaza, and from the author.

**Sarah Christina,
Girl of Old Portland**

Ruth Slade
(Puckerbrush Press, ppg 200,
1981, \$5.95)

Illustrations by Duncan E. Slade

Though the author of this charming book is from Portland; the illustrator (who is the author's son) is the art teacher at Oxford Hills Junior High School and lives in Norway.

This story—or really series of stories excerpted from the life of a typical girl growing up during the 1870's in Portland, Maine—is carefully researched and well written.



Like Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Slade tends to be nostalgic about a life forever gone in Maine. Yet, in describing life then, Mrs. Slade does not omit the unpleasant parts. She gives them mention but does not dwell on them.

History buffs will enjoy the clever way facts have been woven into the narrative. The developing Bath Iron Works (at that time moving ship-builders and their families from Portland's dying waterfront to the new industry in Bath) gives the book an added bit of timeliness.

There is little plot or central conflict, yet the daily activities provide a sampling of typical situations, which add up to good reading.

Dialogue is smooth and abundant and contributes to the development and depth of the book.

Duncan Slade's simple line sketches enrich the story with that feeling of "the good old days." I only wish there were more throughout the book.

Another good choice for someone on your gift list, the book is available at various local bookstores.

Lisk Hill

R. J. Van Nest
(Windy Row Press, ppg 64, 1970)

Another local author is school teacher and farmer Robert Van Nest.

His first book of poems, though not recently published, deals with a variety of fascinating subjects in a manner which convinces the readers it's hot off the press.

Though poetry is not one of my favorite modes of expression, yet I like these poems. They are not ballads which tell a story in rhyme, nor are they the modern abstraction which leaves the reader wondering who's speaking and about what. They fit somewhere in between. The muted style is conducive to easy reading.

Each poem is short and reaches the point through a labyrinth of well-chosen descriptive words.

Van Nest touches on many subjects from common everyday things like ashtrays to unusual disasters like "Sealing The Mine In Farmington." But I liked best the reflections on relationships. Each time I opened the book, I found another that I claimed as my favorite.

It's a small book and a good selection for a gift. It is available directly from the author in Norway.

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... page 46 Melnicove
crazy and horrible murder of one
black child after another, murders
that seemed as if they'd never stop.
Here in Maine, those Atlanta events
may have seemed very far away, or
very close to home, depending upon
how loud you had your channels
turned up.

One person in Maine who took
those murders to heart was Tom
Fallon, a Rumford millworker. His
book *Tragic Variations* is page
after page of ruminations upon them.

Before I go on about the book,
though, a few words about Tom
Fallon. I would call him a poet, except
he does not wish to be known as a
poet. He feels the appellations "poet"
and "poetry" are out-of-date. The
words work when referring to
Shakespeare or Dante or Chaucer;
but he quotes "poet" Marianne Moore
to substantiate his claim: "What I
write, as I have said before, could only
be called poetry because there is no
other category in which to put it."

So, what Fallon has done is invent

ON THE MORNING OF YOUR BIRTH

for Megan

The world was unsettled
On the morning of your birth.
Dark clouds, silhouetted by silver,
Floated low, almost hanging—
The day was in the wind.
The mountainsides, peaked
with colour,
Celebrated your coming with the
Confetti of swirling leaves.
And time, like days remembered,
Stood still with joy.
Your family, a gentle lot,
Waited, knowing, wanting to be
with you
As do dancers with the dance.
And though the clouds remained
Throughout the day, you—
in the way
That is now yours—
Brought sunshine, delivered life,
And showed us love.

Richard Burt Kent
Rumford



a new category. He calls it *Charteng*.
Why *Charteng*? Again, Fallon quotes
from another monumental figure in
twentieth century literature, Ezra
Pound, who said, "Great literature is
simply language charged with
meaning to the utmost possible
degree."

Charteng, you see, comes from the
combination of *charged* and *writing*.
By splitting the words in two (as a
lightning bolt might do) and splicing
the *char* with *ting*, he now has a word
that, for him, best expresses what he
is doing. And he spells it *eng* instead
of *ing* because, as Fallon explains it,
this gives the word a greater ring or
charge.

Fallon has gained a certain
notoriety lately within the small
press/literary circles for this new
category. I'm not so sure it really
matters what we call what we do, but
I do like the way in which he has
defined what writing is all about. He
says, "*Charteng* is experimental, just
as science is experimental, in-
novative, searching, looking behind
the face of life, to see what is within
life as science looks behind matter to
see what is within matter."

That's one of the best explanations
I've ever heard as to why some writers
feel moved to expand their horizons
beyond the currently accepted values
and grammatical constructions.

It is a difficult line to toe, that of
experimenter. Society at large does

not look too kindly on the "far-out"
artist. It is interesting to note,
however, that scientists, hundreds of
years ago, were also treated as
"quacks" by the society. It has only
been since the beginnings of the
industrial age that scientists and
their experiments have been seen to
be vital to our society—because
politicians and businessmen have
profited so much from the discoveries
of science, and because "everyman"
has come to see the usefulness of
those discoveries in his life.

In other societies, artists have been
seen to be as *useful* as we see
scientists to be. Perhaps the day will
come when the experiments of art are
given a central place in the governing
of our lives. Art, after all, is a direct
pipeline to our spirit and soul, and one
of the reasons for the "spiritual crisis"
in which we find ourselves today is
that this pipeline has been clogged
and confused.

Perhaps that is part of what
happened in Atlanta. What kind of
mind is it, after all, that murders?
And how has this mind been
developed? Did it spring forth all on
its own, or was it shaped by the world
in which it found itself? Who is to
blame and how much does it have to
do with us? What are the manifesta-
tions?

What are the little murders we see
happening all the time? Do we walk
right past them? Do we care? Is it
inevitable that our society drift
further and further into the realms of
darkness and despair? Must brother
take up arms against brother?

These are questions brought up by
Tom Fallon's book. Not that he states
them explicitly; rather he *states the
facts* in such a way as to force us to
take these murders very seriously,
indeed.

First of all, the book comes with a
black arm band (also useful as a
bookmark) because Fallon wants us
to recognize that we are in mourning.
He urges us to consider, without
distraction, the tragic facts. He
doesn't say much; he doesn't have to.
The book consists of sentences like

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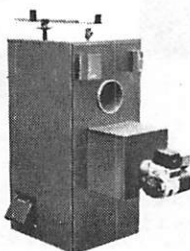
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... page 18 C. A. Stephens

neighbors had seen him; and I had discerned no sign of him about the old buildings of the Aunt Hannah Lot.

We feared then that he might have met with some accident in the barns, and both these capacious old structures, also the barn cellars and apple-house, were thoroughly searched. It was even thought he might have fallen down the barn well while repairing a leak in the log pump, and the well was sounded—all quite without result.

In short, the Squire had vanished utterly, leaving no trace, not even a working clue; and when another hour passed we were in a state of much anxiety. Grandmother Ruth in particular was badly worried. As it drew towards night we gathered in the kitchen taking council together and trying to decide what had best be done . . . when a door was heard to shut far upstairs . . . Just then steps were heard descending the stairs in the front hall and another door closed—the door into the sitting room, accompanied by sounds as of someone stumbling over a displaced chair.

Addison rushed into the sitting room, the rest of us following, and there was the old Squire stooping in the act of replacing a volume of the encyclopedia in the bookcase. He looked up, as one quite innocent of wrongdoing.

"Well, well, Joseph, where in the world have you been all day?" Grandmother called, her alarm suddenly changing to indignation . . .

"Well, Ruth, I've only been up in the little 'clock room' at the end of the attic. I thought I would be out of your way up there," he went on. "There were several interesting articles in the encyclopedia I had been wanting to read for some time" . . .

"The next time we lose you, I guess the place to look first will be in that encyclopedia!" (Grandmother Ruth) added sententiously.

Afterwards whenever the old Squire was missed, Grandmother Ruth and the girls were wont to look in the sitting-room bookcase. If a volume of the encyclopedia were gone from its place there, they concluded that the old gentleman was safe somewhere, though he might not come back until it became too dark for him to see to read.



Mary Nile

I remember it clearly:

Oh, dear! What a bumpy ride this turned out to be. Even though I grasp Mother's arm, I am tossed in all directions. You see, we are riding in a wagon behind a big brown horse. The road we are on is in the forest, and we are on our way to a logging camp. This will be my home for the winter.

The trees have shed their leaves and a cold breeze blows across a small pond as we pass by. It has been a long, hard trip for me, a small girl just four years old. Mother takes me in her arms and, even though the road is rough, I soon fall asleep.

I hear Father's voice saying, "Whoa!" The horse and wagon stop. Then everything is quiet. Opening my eyes, I see a big building. I watch Father get out of the wagon and walk around to the side where I sit in Mother's lap. Reaching out, he takes me in his arms and helps Mother out of the wagon. All three of us walk to the camp and Father opens the door.

Inside, the room is large and not as cozy as the home we just left, but if my mother and father are here, I know everything has to be all right.

Father goes across the room and begins to inspect the big black stove. He opens a door in the front and pushes something on top. He then removes a big round cover and puts wood inside. After he lights the wood and replaces the cover, it is only a short time and the room begins to get nice and warm. From then on and during the long winter days and nights, a fire will burn in that big black stove continually.

A set of stairs leads to another large room, the same size as the room below. This is our bedroom, and all our possessions are kept up here.

In the days which followed at the logging camp on Howard Pond, many things of interest happened to me on that stairway. It was my favorite spot. I guess the window at the bottom of the stairs had something to do with the whole atmosphere. On sunny days, it was warm and cozy, but the days it snowed I could watch the fluffy white snowflakes fall from above like feathers and drop to the ground. This was also a nice place to be when Mother was busy cooking. It was out of her way, but when I sat about halfway up the stairs, I could see over

her head onto the top of the stove.

Many times I watched Mother cut out doughnuts on the end of the long table. Mother put the doughnuts into a large kettle of hot fat on the big stove and fried them to a golden brown. With a long stick, they were lifted out of the kettles and placed in a large baking sheet to cool.

Many cold winter mornings I lay on my stomach at the top of the stairs watching the woodsmen eat their breakfast and listening to them talk. You see, Mother was always up before daylight cooking the breakfast for the men. I was not allowed to go downstairs in my nightclothes when anyone except Mother and Father were there. So, until Mother could find time to come up and help me get dressed, that is where I stayed.


When all the men had finished their breakfast and left the table, Father cleaned the food off the table and washed and wiped the dishes.

Two large kettles stayed on the back of the stove. It was Father's job to keep the kettles full of water, carried in pails from a nearby spring. Often on a cold night, the spring was frozen so deep Father had to take an axe and chop a hole so he could dip the pail into the water.

When he had finished helping Mother in the kitchen, he went to the stables, harnessed the old twitch horse, and went into the woods to help the woodsmen.

ON HOWARD POND IN HANOVER by Mary Nile






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There was one day when the old twitch horse put his head through the window at the foot of the stairs. Father had stopped at the camp kitchen to see that everything was in order before going into the woods to work. Every day he did this, and Mother always followed him to the door and gave the horse a doughnut.

Apparently Father spent more time inside than usual, and the horse became impatient. I guess he thought he wasn't going to get a doughnut, so he pushed his head right through the window. This gave me quite a scare because I was sitting midway up the stairs!

Usually, Mother was busy cooking all the time. Days when it was too cold for me to play outdoors, I sat beside the stove watching Mother fry doughnuts and sometimes she would let me cut out a few cookies.

One night after all the men had eaten supper and Father had finished his kitchen duties, he took me into the woodsmen's living quarters. All the men sat in chairs around a big heater stove. Three or four oil lamps were lighted and placed in holders around the room. A man sat beside the entrance door which led outside. It seemed odd to me that the men were so quiet.

Someone said, "Listen."

I could hear something outside. It said "Who-o-o-o," paused, and then said "Who-o-o-Who-o-o."

The man beside the door answered in the same manner. This was repeated many times. Whatever was

out there kept coming nearer to the door. Finally to my surprise, a big owl flew over to the open doorway and perched on the top of the door. When the men moved about to get a better view of him, he flew away.

One night I was awakened by the sound of barking. It sounded like dogs, but I was frightened, I went to the side of the bed where Mother and Father were sound asleep.

"Father," I'm scared," I said.

"What are you scared about?" Father asked.

Father listened. The barking began again.

"Oh, that's nothing to be afraid of. It's just some fox over on the ridge. Tonight is clear and the moon is shining bright. They like to run and play in the moonlight." This explanation was quite satisfying, but just the same I did not feel secure until I was snuggled beneath the bedclothes between Mother and Father in their bed.

One of the things I enjoyed most was a nice, sunny day when Father would put me on the back of the work horse and take me up to where the men were working.

Two men with a big long saw would fall a tree and take the limbs off. Father would drive the horse up to it and hook a chain around one end. He would say to me, "Talk to the horse and tell him to go over to the yard."

I would say, "Giddy-up, old horse," and the horse would drag a log over to a yard.

Father would say "Whoa" to the





All northern Maine logging photos are from the book *New England Past*, featured on page 39.



horse and I would pull on the reins. The horse would stop. Father would then unhook the chain and with a cant dog roll the log over to a pile where there were other long logs. Another group of men would saw the long log into shorter pieces four feet long and pile one piece on top of another until they had a long pile of logs four feet high.

Each day was a new adventure. How well I remember the day one of the lumbermen knocked on the kitchen door and asked Mother for a lard pail. At noon time he returned, giving the pail to Mother filled with beechnuts, all shelled out. Some poor little squirrel had stored them in a tree so he would have something to eat during the long cold winter. Everyone was sorry, but the man had no way of knowing it until he had sawed through the tree and the nuts came tumbling out. Mother used most of them in cookies she made, and I ate what was left.

Quite often one of the men would bring me a bird's nest that was in the branches of a tree they had sawed down. One night when the woodsmen came to the kitchen for their supper, one of them had a gift for me. It was a bird's nest built in the crotch of a limb.

"What shall I do with it?" I asked.

He said, "It would look nice nailed to one of the timbers behind the table." I asked him if he would do it for me. He told me he would. After everyone had eaten their supper and

returned to their room, he got nails and a hammer and secured the nest to a suitable place at the back of the table. From then on, many more nests were given to me, and they were nailed to other places in that room.

Another thing of interest was the daily inspection of the birds' nests to see if there were any pennies added to what was there the day before. It was fun to do this every day, but extra pennies were usually deposited in the nests on weekends, after the men had received their pay envelopes.

The time went quickly from the first snow until Christmas. All the lumbermen went home to spend the holidays with their families, leaving Mother, Dad, and me alone to watch and wait for Santa Claus. I was afraid he might not be able to find me in our camp so far back in the woods, but when Christmas morning came with all the things around the tree, I knew he must have received my letter.

You see, Mother and I had written to him and put it on the stove. Mother said it would go up in the air and one of Santa's elves would find it and take it to him. When the men returned to camp, it was just like another Christmas, because every man had a gift for me.

Then one morning as I lay at the top of the stairway, I heard one man say, "Well, it won't be long before we will have to move out of here. The road is thawing and the ice on the pond will soon get too thin to drive across." Mother started packing our

possessions, and in a few days we began our journey home. The morning we left camp it was still cold and the ground covered with snow.

Our trip into the woods was made with a horse and wagon, but our journey home was with a horse and sleigh. The little pond we had driven beside on the way in was now frozen over with ice, and we drove across it.

The horse trotted along at a pretty good pace. His feet kicked up bits of fine white snow. The wind sent it in circles into the air. I thought the circles looked like fairies dancing across the ice.

We could hear the ice make a cracking noise all around us. Mother never relaxed until we were safely on the other side of the pond. After a long tiresome day riding in the sleigh behind the horse, we were back home where everything was new and strange again. But a little girl is never lonesome for anything or anyone as long as she is loved and secure with Mother and Dad.

Mary Nile, who lives in Mexico, Maine, has this to say about her story: "This is a true story. Chestley Saunders from Hanover hired my mother and father (Florence and William Blake) to work for him. The four-foot hardwood was hauled by teams of horses, on long sleds across Howard Pond. It was piled near Mr. Saunders' mill at Hanover . . . I was four years old at the time, more than sixty years ago."



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MOM, DAD & THE KIDS DISCUSS...

... is the title of the *Healthy Living Series* being developed by Martha Farrington, R.N., through the Stephens Memorial Hospital in Norway.

The five-part series will be offered once a month on Thursday evenings beginning January 14, 1982, in the hospital's Health Education Department, with local educators, clergy, social workers, physicians, nurses, and parents serving as guest speakers.

Topic areas to be addressed were developed from the needs expressed in a recent hospital survey, and from requests made by area citizens directly to the department.

Parenting, communication, sex education, substance abuse, and care of the elderly in the home are the major areas to be developed through the series. The overall concept will stress that the family is the nucleus around which all of these problems rotate; and without a strong nucleus for support, the problems spread in unorthodox directions resulting in crisis situations for the individuals as well as the family unit.

The theory of the "Total Person" will form a strong base around which the programs will be developed. The total person theory teaches that a complete person consists of a physical, social, emotional, spiritual, and intellectual being. If any of these parts is missing, the person is incomplete, and subsequently more susceptible to developing coping problems.

Part I - January 14, 1982 LIVING & LOVING TOGETHER

The first of five segments will set the foundation for the entire series, demonstrating that LOVE is an essential ingredient for personal development. The six types of LOVE—self, spiritual, parental, romantic, familial, friendship—will be explored with the emphasis that love in its many forms is necessary to fulfill basic human needs. Additionally, the five types of families as labeled—traditional, transitional, latchkey, scattered, the new unity—will be examined to set the stage for understanding how the family type affects family member interactions.

The fostering of a positive self-image or self-love at an early age in the home is insurance that a child will grow to be a well-adjusted adult, capable of weathering the many trials and temptations encountered along the way.

Discipline with love and the responsibilities of family members to each other and to self because of familial love

WORDWORKS

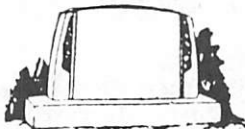
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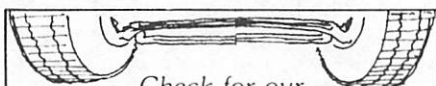
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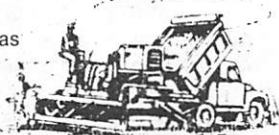
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will be highlighted as essential for building the foundation of a strong family unit capable of survival in today's contemporary society.

Part II - February 4, 1982 TALKING & LISTENING TO EACH OTHER

Communication, whether verbal or non-verbal, consists of talking, listening, and perceiving what is being said. Eighty percent of our waking time is spent in communication with others; of that, 45% is devoted to listening. Yet the average listener retains only half of what he or she hears—and within 48 hours, even that drops to 25%.

Listening is the most used, yet least taught of the communication skills. During this two-hour segment, the art of human interaction through communication with family members will be addressed as a means of preventing and managing family conflict—parent vs. parent, parent vs. child, child vs. child.

Part III - March 11, 1982 ROMANTIC LOVE & DIRTY DIAPERS

Family influences on sexual behavior and on the sexual values of children is the focus of the third segment of this series.

There is little doubt in anyone's mind that sex education should originate in the home, but many families are not prepared for or comfortable with this role. This unit will attempt to provide parents with guidelines for teaching sex to their children, with special emphasis on how to deal with peer pressure through establishment of personal values for relationships and by acceptance of responsibility for their own actions.

See our March issue for information on the last two groups:

Part IV - April 8, 1982 BOOZE, PILLS & PEER PRESSURE

Part V - May 6, 1982 GRANDMA & GRANDPA GROW OLD & DIE

Further information about any of these programs may be obtained from Martha Farrington, R.N. in the Health Education Dept. of Stephens Memorial Hospital—Mon. through Fri. 8:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. Tel. 743-5933, Ext. 489.



COLLEGE DRAMA

Some of the finest (and most overlooked) theatre productions come from the drama departments of colleges and universities. We in southwestern Maine have two particularly exciting groups working all winter long in our midst:

BATES COLLEGE LEWISTON, MAINE

The schedule for winter semester:

REACH - January 28-32. A new play by Brian Flynn.

A Musical Comedy - February 25 - 18: To be announced; produced by Robinson Players, a student producing organization.

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE - March 18-21: A musical play by Bertolt Brecht, original score by William Matthews, directed by Martin Andrucki. Combining political melodrama with hilarious satire, this modern classic examines the meaning of justice through a retelling of King Solomon's legendary trial of true motherhood.

THE BELLE OF AMHERST - March 25 - 27: A one-woman show about the life of New England poet, Emily Dickinson.

THE BATES COLLEGE MODERN DANCE COMPANY IN CONCERT - April 1 - 3.

DEGREES - April 7 - 10: a new play by Cliff Braley and a new play by Cathy Derbyshire, as yet untitled.

All performances are in Schaeffer Theater on the campus, except The Belle of Amherst, which is in Chase Hall Lounge. Performances begin at 8:00, except on Sundays, when performances are at 2:00 p.m.

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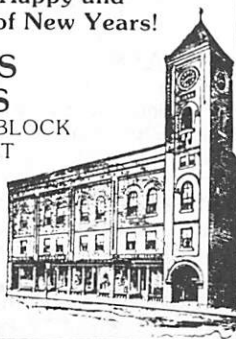
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More Goings On . . .

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN MAINE GORHAM, MAINE

The University of Southern Maine offers a B.A. in Theatre Arts to its graduates. Students concentrate on specialized tracts like acting, theatre history, oral interpretation, theatre management, or technical theatre, and produce four main stage shows every year.

In addition, they welcome a touring production from King Alfred's College in England every spring, in trade for a touring group from U.S.M. This spring's offering is **The Fantasticks**.

A new experimental "studio" program was set up this year to allow student directors, actors, and playwrights the opportunity to perform and practice their craft.

The schedule this season:

TWELFTH NIGHT - Dec. 3 - 12. It is Shakespeare's hilarious comedy of love and laughter in which Viola, disguised as a boy (Cesario) falls in love with Orsino, who is in love with the lady Olivia, who is in love with Cesario (Viola)! Malvolio is in love with himself. Add a couple of drunken sots, a clown, a long-lost twin brother, and you have **Twelfth Night** or **What You Will**.

All performances begin at 8:00 p.m. at Russell Hall on the Gorham campus. Admission is \$3.00 student and \$4.00 general admission.

ART

JEAN RANDALL, PRINTMAKER & CHENOWETH HALL, SCULPTOR: Payson Gallery, Westbrook College, Nov. 4-Dec. 20. Hrs. Tues.-Fri. 10-4, Sat. & Sun. 1-5. Closed Mon. & holidays.

CARVINGS BY MAURICE "JAKE" DAY: The Library, Farnsworth Museum, Rockland, Dec. 8 - Jan. 3.

JOYCE WRIGHT, PAINTER: Learning Center, University of Maine, Augusta. Dec. 1 - Jan. 14. Hrs. Mon.-Thurs. 8 a.m. - 10 p.m.; Fri. 8 - 5; Sat. 9 - 12. Free admission.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Dec. 1 - Jan. 17, Becker Gallery, Bowdoin Museum. Hrs. Tues.-Fri. 10-4; Sat. 10-5; Sun. 1-5. Closed Mon. Free admission.

MOTHER & CHILD: Images from the Bowdoin Museum collection, Dec. 10-Jan. 10. Hrs.: Tues.-Fri. 10-4; Sat. 10-5; Sun. 1-5. Free admission.

MUSIC

COLBY COLLEGE: Dec. 6, Community Symphony Orchestra Concert, featuring Mozart & Rachmaninoff, McPartland Music Shell in the Wadsworth Gymnasium, 8 p.m. Admission. Dec. 7, 18th Annual Messiah Sing with soloists

Can You Place It?

Only Mrs. Thelma Holden of East Waterford wrote to identify the potato patch of two months ago. It belonged to her grandfather in Locke Mills. No one correctly identified last month's **Can You Place It**, though Mrs. Irene Hapgood was correct in identifying it as being in Waterford; however, she had the wrong house. The photo was taken about 1910 of a house in Waterford Village then known as the Simmons place. It is now called "Kedar Brook Cottage," as it sits hard by the brook of the same name. The present owners have maintained the facade much as it was in early years, but have recently added a greenhouse/solarium extension to the side of the dwelling.

BitterSweet is always looking for old photographs of well-known places or current photographs of interesting sights to be used in this column. They will be treated with care and returned to you if you include a self-addressed stamped envelope. If you can identify this familiar scene of some years ago, please write to us at P. O. Box 6, Norway ME 04268.



and instrumentalists, Lorimar Chapel, 7 p.m. Free. Dec. 10, 11, 12th Annual Festival of Carols and Lights, special music by choir, Lorimar Chapel, 7:30. Free.

NEW ENGLAND PIANO QUARTET: with Guest Artists, Performing Arts Center, Bath, Dec. 12, 8 p.m. Admission.

GORDON BOK: Folk Club Concerts, Dec. 13, Performing Arts Center, Bath, 8 p.m. Admission.

SPECIALS

PARIS HILL HISTORIC HOUSE TOUR: Sponsored by the Paris Hill Community Club, this will be a tour of the historic homes decorated for the holiday season. Dec. 4 & 5, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The tour will begin at the Hamlin Memorial Library where tickets will be sold.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR: Dec. 4, First Congregational Church, South Paris, 2-7 p.m. Food, Plants, Greens, Cheese, Candy, Crafts, Notepaper, Treasures,

SKI TOUR THE WHITE MTS.: To benefit the U.S. Ski Team. Each Saturday starting Jan. 9th at Balsams/Wilderness and ending Feb. 13 at Bretton Woods, guided tours will be given of various ski areas in the Northeast. \$20 per person per weekend includes tour, lunch, guides, and trail fees. Contact Tom Nangle, Balsams/Wilderness, Dixville Notch, N.H. 03576 (603) 255-3400 for more information.

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER DANCE PROGRAM: In response to the closing of several Lewiston-area dance studios, the Center is offering a Department of Dance under the direction of Laurie T. Schell, who has taught at Ram Island Dance Center, among other places. Courses will be offered throughout the week in Creative Dance, Modern Jazz, and Dance Workshop. For more information call the center at 786-4201.

3rd ANNUAL DOG SLED RACES: Sponsored by Naples Business Assoc., on the causeway in Naples (providing there's snow) Sat. & Sun. Jan. 30 & 31.



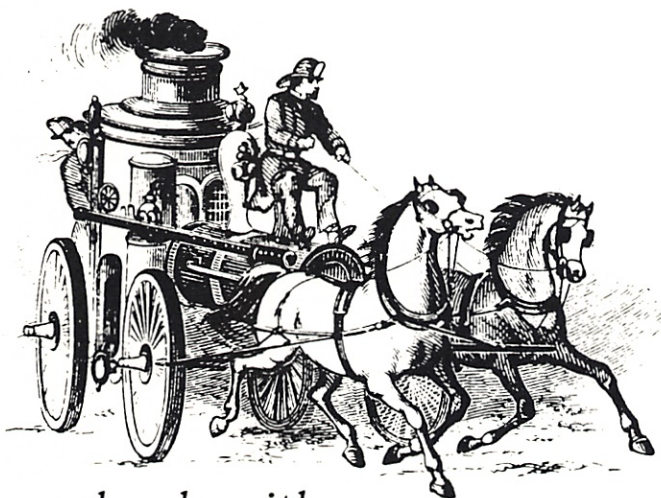
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